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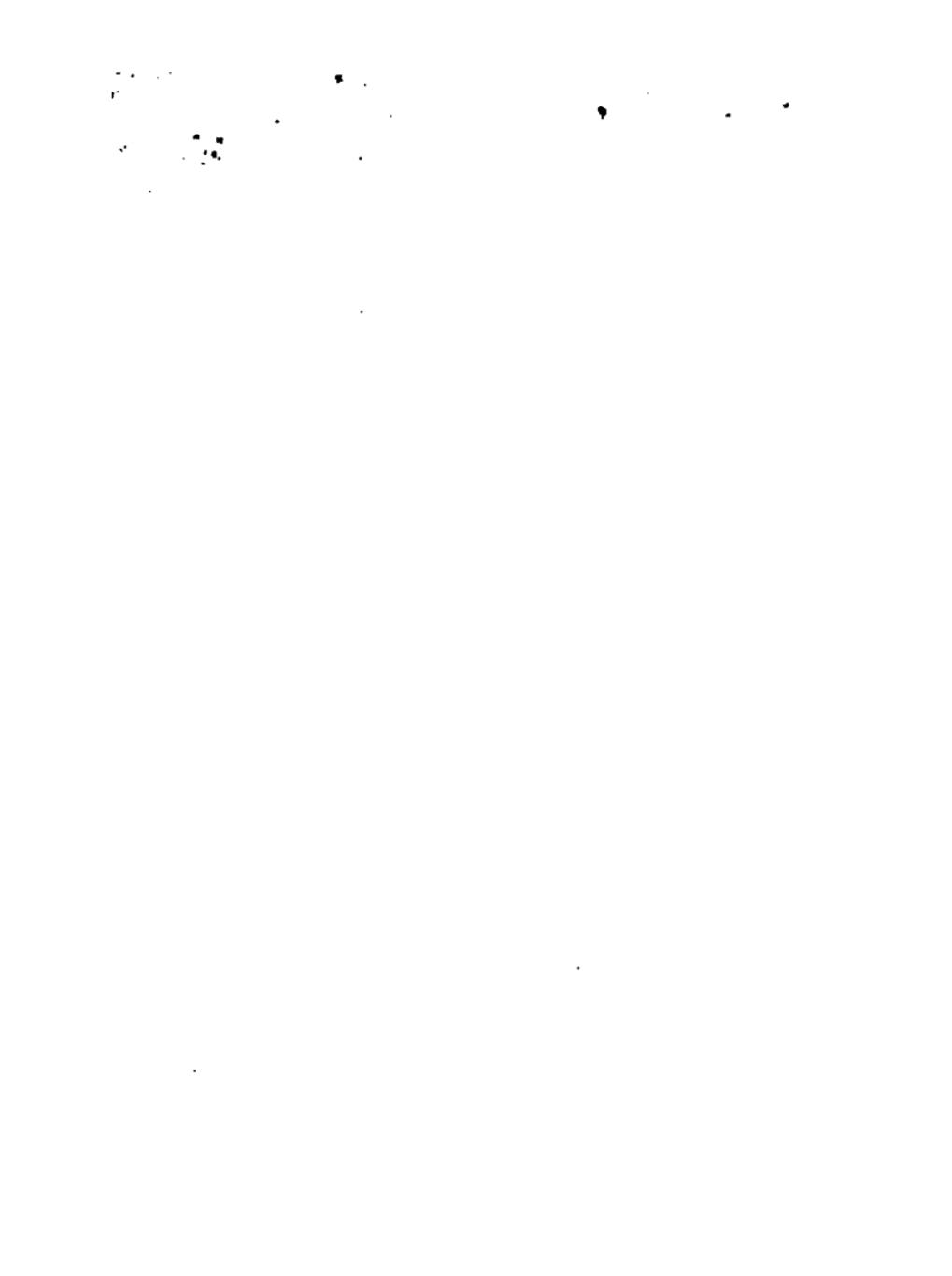
# CLEVER BOYS



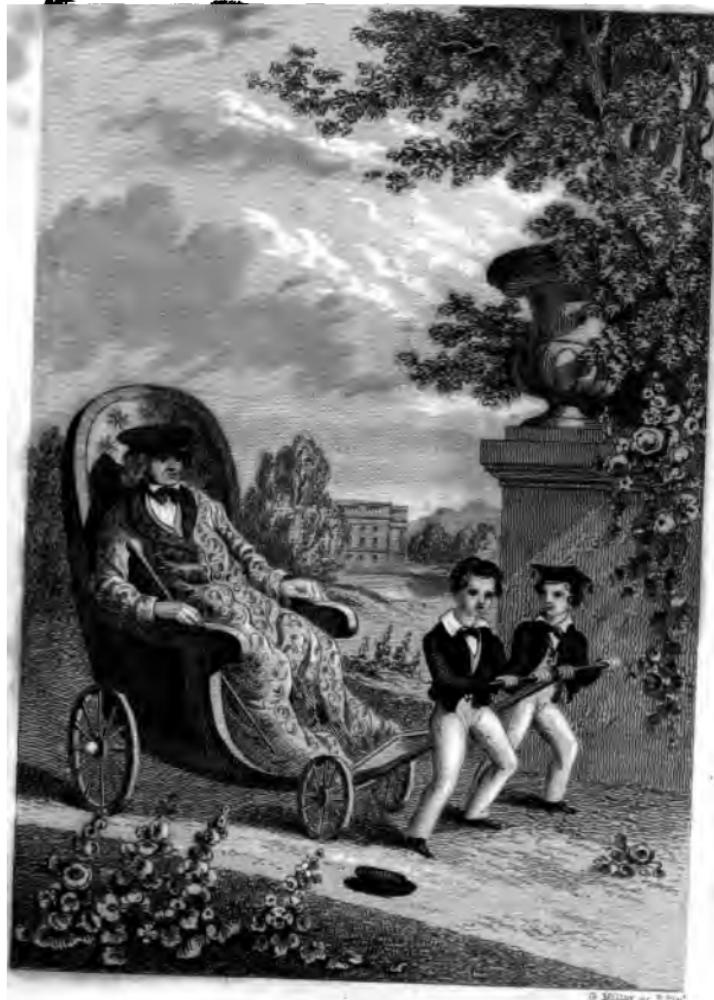




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THE FIRST PRIZE  
*Page 100*

# C L E V E R   B O Y S

AND

OTHER STORIES.



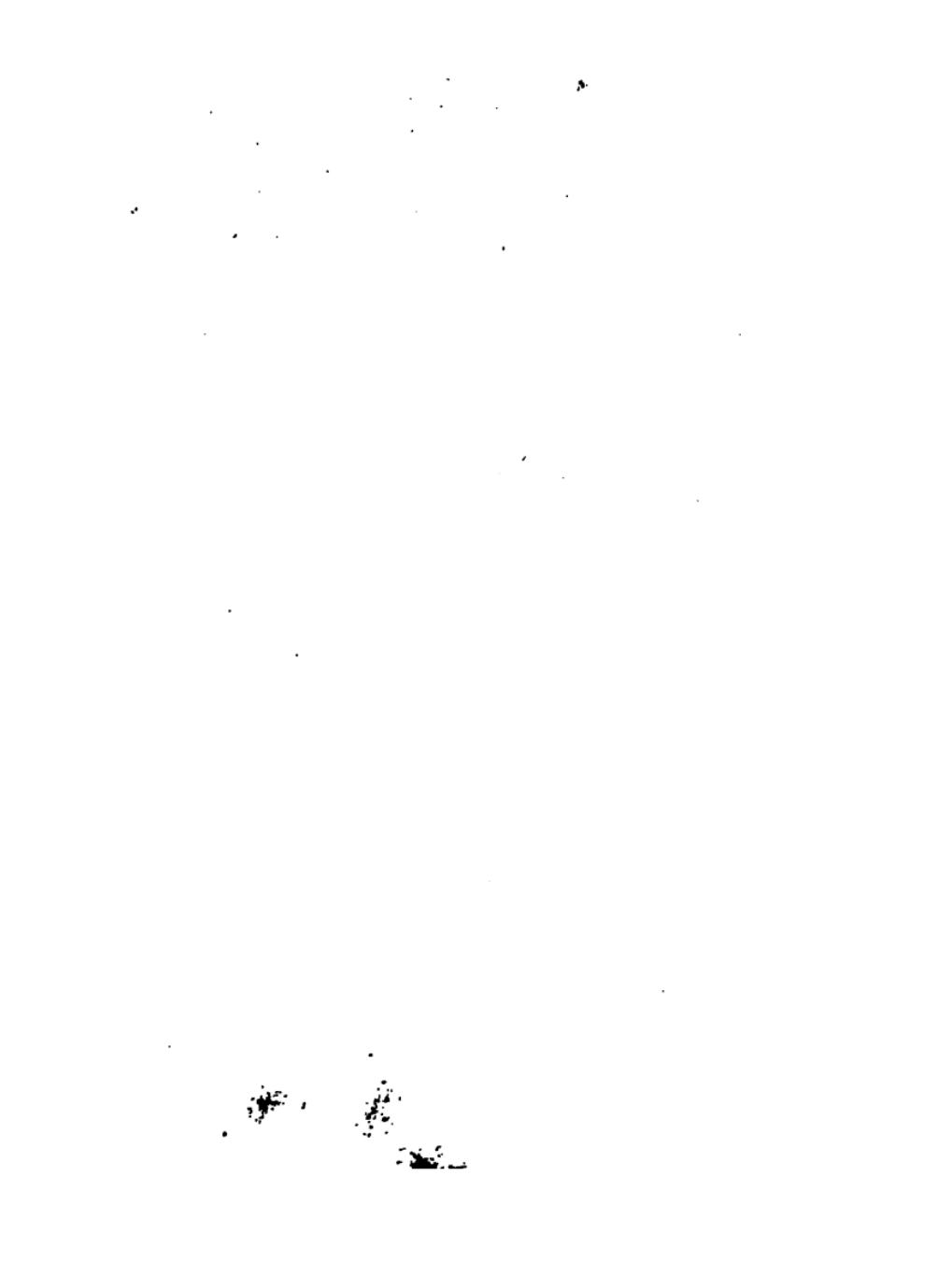
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**CLEVER BOYS.**



## C L E V E R   B O Y S.

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A BOY may be clever, yet not a boy whom we can love or admire. To insure our affection, a young person requires to be amiable in temper, good in dispositions, and correct in his conduct; and if he be at the same time quick in apprehension—that is, *clever*—so much the better. Some boys are naturally clever; others are clever by means of diligent application, and on this account even the most dull should not despair; they have only to exert themselves, and do their best, in order to deserve approval.

With the view of stimulating youth, and showing them what can be done, I propose to tell them a few stories of boys who were not only clever, but worthy of imitation in their general conduct, and in their piety or sub-

mission to the will of God ; for some of them underwent severe trials without repining. Let me begin with an account of

## GRETRY OF LIEGE.

Andre Ernest Modeste Gretry was the son of an obscure music-master of Liege, a town in Belgium. He was born on the 11th of February 1741, and gave early indications of a taste for music. A singular proof of this occurred when he was about four years of age.

Being in a room where a boiler was bubbling on the fire, he was struck by the sound, and sat for some moments nodding his little head from side to side, as if beating time to the music ; then springing from his seat, he began to dance and caper about with all his might. In his gambols he passed near the fireplace, and discovered that the sounds issued from the boiler. Rising on tiptoe, and eagerly catching hold of it, before any one had time to prevent him, in his efforts to peep into it, he turned it, with its whole contents, into the blazing fire, and was immediately enveloped in the scalding and suffocating vapour.

The poor child was seriously injured; a severe fit of illness was the consequence, and symptoms of consumption began to appear. To check the progress of this fatal malady, he was sent into the country, where he remained two years under the care of his grandmother, a poor but worthy woman. At the expiration of that time he returned home, much improved in health, and his father began to cultivate his voice, which was sweet and powerful, intending to make him a singing-boy in one of the churches of Liege.

Though unable to pay the regular fee, he succeeded in prevailing on a master to receive the child as a pupil. From this moment the poor boy's troubles and vexations began; and so painful was this period of his life, that in alluding to it forty years afterwards, he writes—“ Of all the miserable little beings that ever existed since the creation of the world, there never was one whose sufferings equalled mine while studying under this inhuman master.”

Gretry's constitution was delicate, but the energy of his spirit imparted its tone to his health; his feelings were so quiet and sensitive, that he often suffered when others of a hardier

nature would scarcely perceive that there was anything to wound.

Three times a day he had to walk a distance of nearly a mile to receive his lessons ; and this fatiguing course he would have pursued most cheerfully, had he not been in constant dread of punishment. But the slightest irregularity or want of punctuality, even though unavoidable, was sure to be visited with the severest chastisement ; and notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to be punctual, it would sometimes happen that he was a few moments behind his time.

On one occasion his father's clock had stopped, and he, unhappy child, arrived too late ! Trembling with fear, he approached his un pitying judge to receive sentence, and was condemned to kneel two hours in the middle of the room, as a punishment for this involuntary fault. This severity had such an effect on his mind, that it troubled his rest; night and day his stern master was ever before him ; he was often known to start from his sleep, and spring out of bed, under the terrible apprehension of having passed the hour ; and then, without giving himself time to look at the clock, or

bestow a thought on the weather, he would hurry out before the first peep of day, in the midst of frost and snow, and before he was well awake, would arrive at the church of St Denis, where he was in the habit of taking his lessons. Here, seating himself on the cold stone steps, with his little lantern resting on his knees, he would sleep peacefully; for his eyes closed with the happy conviction that no one could enter the church without awaking him. His hard taskmaster carried his severity to the verge of cruelty, and neither the gentleness, submission, nor untiring perseverance of Gretry could win for him a kinder treatment.

The only mark of favour he ever obtained was that of being chosen by his tyrant to carry his snuff-box to a neighbouring shop every second day to get it re-filled; and the poor child, in the hope of winning his good graces, always added to the price given him some trifle out of his own little savings, that the box might be well filled, and the snuff of the best quality. Sometimes he was honoured in return with a momentary glance of approbation, and happy indeed did he think himself on such occasions; but these were few and far between. Yet

during the whole time which he spent with this iron-hearted master, he was never once known to breathe a word of complaint to his parents of the harsh treatment he endured, so great was his desire for instruction.

Gretry tells us himself of a singular circumstance that occurred while he was yet very young, and which had considerable influence over his mind, and decided his choice of a profession. He had heard a quotation from Scripture : “What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

In simple faith and reliance on this promise, he prayed, on rising from his bed, that he might grow up an honest man, and clever in his profession ; or that it would please the Almighty to take him to himself that very day. On the same morning, as he was going up to the belfry of the church, a large beam of nearly four hundred pounds weight fell upon his head, and laid him prostrate and senseless on the ground. On being restored to consciousness, he saw the immense beam which had been so near crushing him to death. The paleness that had overspread his features instantly gave place to a

crimson flush ; the eyes that had just been closed, as it were, in the sleep of death, sparkled with unusual brilliancy ; and he exclaimed, in the most animated tones, " Well, then, since I am not dead, God has intended that I shall be an honest man and a good musician."

The persons who surrounded him, not understanding the meaning of his words, supposed the shock had deprived him of his reason. He was not, however, seriously injured, though he retained the mark of the accident as long as he lived. A striking change took place in his character from this time : his childish gaiety forsook him ; he became thoughtful almost to melancholy, and music was the only thing that seemed to possess the power of dissipating his sadness. To this he devoted himself with redoubled ardour, and, since the accident, with perfect confidence. Yet when he attempted to sing in the choir, for which he had been training, he did not succeed ; his master's eye was on him, and his powers were paralysed. His father now sought out a new instructor for him ; and some Italian singers having about this time visited Liege, the youthful Gretry had an opportunity of taking a part in some of the best

Italian operas. The inclination which he had hitherto felt for music became a passion. His progress was anxiously watched by his father, who now thought it time for him to reappear at the church of St Denis, and accordingly called on his former master, and intreated him to permit the child to sing an anthem on the following Sunday. The master offered many objections ; and alluding to Gretry's former attempt, assured the father that if the next did not prove more successful, he would be positively and finally rejected.

" Well," replied the father, " I consent to the conditions ; if he does not sing better than any other in the choir next Sunday, reject him."

Sunday came, and Gretry was conducted to the church by his parents. His mother trembling with fear and hope alternately ; at one moment dreading to see the prospects of her son a second time clouded, the next breathing a prayer that her boy might on this occasion acquit himself with credit.

The reception he met with was little calculated to inspire him with confidence. Some looked on him with pity ; some smiled ; some

sneered ; then the much-dreaded master approached him with these chilling words : “ So, you are there again ; but I see you are still the same stupid boy ! ”

It needed not more to bring back all the child’s timidity, and his prospect of success became very doubtful ; but he had made amazing progress during the past year ; besides, his mother, his beloved mother, was there, and for her sake he called up all his energies. He also felt as if God would not desert him if he did his best. His feelings assumed a new tone ; his timidity fled ; he felt that he *would succeed* : and this persuasion saved him.

He had not sung many bars when all other sounds died away, so anxious were the musicians to catch every note of the new singer. At this moment he cast his eyes on his father, and met a glance and a smile of approbation. The notes of praise that issued from his lips now seemed to spring direct from the heart. Every eye was fixed on him, every ear was strained, lest a note should be lost.

The children of the choir by whom he was surrounded, drew back simultaneously to some distance with a movement of respect, and stood

gazing on the youthful chorister with astonishment and admiration.

As soon as the anthem was over, congratulations showered in on the happy father. The excitement became so general, that the sacred character of the place seemed likely to be forgotten, and the service interrupted, when the music-master called to order, and imposed silence.

Gretry's success was complete, and these demonstrations of approval were most gratifying to his feelings, as they convinced him that he was no longer looked on as an object of contempt or derision; but his happiness was heightened to an almost painful degree when he saw his mother wiping away the tears of joy which the unexpected triumph of her son had caused to gush from her eyes.

From this time the young musician frequently sang at the church of St Denis, and the congregation was observed to be most numerous whenever he was expected there. He had now the good fortune to be under a master who was as remarkable for kindness as the former one had been for cruelty. The hour for his lessons was no longer dreaded, but eagerly

anticipated as one of his greatest pleasures ; he began to study the harpsichord and harmony, and made his first attempt at composition. As his knowledge of music increased, he became anxious to visit Italy, in order to perfect himself in the science ; but his father, having a numerous family, was unable to furnish him with the sum necessary for defraying his expenses. His enthusiastic love of his art, and the laudable desire of overcoming the difficulties which retarded his progress in it, inspired him with an idea of composing a complicated piece suitable for devotion. As soon as it was finished, he carried it to his master, begging that he would take the trouble to examine it.

"I own, sir," said he, "that it may look like presumption in a pupil of my class to undertake so important a work; but when you have heard my reasons for so doing, I think you will say I am right in making the attempt. I have determined on going to Rome to finish my musical studies. My parents have not the means of sending me there; but were I to walk every step of the way, and beg on the road, I will visit Italy. My resolution is taken, and I will keep it. Examine this music, then, I intreat

you. If it be found worthy of acceptance, I hope the clergy of the church of St Denis will kindly make me some remuneration for it, which will enable me to put my plans in execution without distressing my parents."

The piece was examined. Some parts of it required a little correction; others were thought to approach too near to perfection to be the composition of so young a person; and under this impression the master, with a gentle re-proof, advised his pupil to suppress them. But the youth, strong in his own integrity, resolutely refused to do so, and craved a closer examination. His wish was complied with. The piece was accepted by the chapter, and executed with the greatest success; and thus Gretry was enabled to gratify the first wish of his heart—that of visiting Italy.

In the month of March 1759 young Gretry prepared for his journey to Rome. His parents could not think of his departure without anguish: several years were likely to pass ere they would see him again. He was now only in his eighteenth year, and they feared he was not strong enough to bear the fatigue of so long a journey. Travelling under the escort of a

man whose business often obliged him to turn from the direct road, he had a distance of three hundred leagues to go on foot. He might be taken ill on the road ; in fact a mother's fears suggested a thousand evils that *might* happen to her son when he was beyond the reach of her maternal care. But Gretry strove to dispel these fears by drawing a glowing picture of the prosperity and happiness that would attend his return. Before he set out, he went to pay a farewell visit to his aged grandmother. This worthy woman was so far advanced in years, that she could entertain no reasonable hope of ever meeting her grandson again in this world. Nevertheless, while she talked to him of his duty to God, and counselled him to be careful of his health, she tried to put on a cheerful countenance ; but the tears which, spite of her efforts, stole from her eyes, and rested in the furrows of her aged cheeks, betrayed her deep emotion.

The day fixed on for his departure at length arrived ; and with his knapsack strapped across his shoulders, the youth, with full heart, threw himself into the arms of his parents to receive their parting benediction. “ May the Almighty

bless and preserve thee, my child!" sobbed out the poor parents; and the young man hurried away, not daring to trust himself with a single glance, lest the sight of his mother's tears might destroy his resolution. With great speed he darted on, as if to escape from the feelings of anguish that were struggling in his heart: but the effort was vain; the picture of his deserted home was still before him; and unable longer to command his emotion, he threw himself on the ground, and gave full vent to his sorrow in a violent burst of tears.

By degrees he became more calm, and hope whispered that he might soon return to be the stay and solace of those he was now leaving in sorrow behind. Cheered with this idea, his courage returned, and he hastened on his way.

Within about three leagues of Liege he met two young students, who were travelling the same road for a purpose similar to his own—to finish their studies at Rome. One was an abbé, of delicate appearance; the other a young surgeon, of frank and lively temper. The latter whispered in Gretry's ear that he did not think the abbé would be able to go more than five-and-twenty leagues on foot; "And as for you,"

added he, laughing, “you will break down before you have walked fifty; and I am sorry for it, for I like you already, and shall regret leaving you behind.”

On the first day they walked ten leagues; and when they stopped for the night, the poor abbé was unable to touch a morsel of food, while his two companions eagerly devoured everything that was set before them. On the second evening the abbé did not arrive at their restingplace until long after the other two; and when at length he did join them, he was completely overcome with fatigue, and told them, with tears in his eyes, that he had not strength to keep up with them any longer. They said all they could to encourage him; and after a good night’s rest, he made an effort to continue his journey: but all in vain. He had not walked more than three leagues, when he was obliged to give up the attempt, and stop at an inn on the road-side to dress his wounded feet and give rest to his weary body. Gretry and the surgeon suffered too, but they resolutely continued their way, notwithstanding the pain, and on the fourth day they felt themselves completely inured to fatigue. They were gene-

rally fortunate enough to meet with comfortable quarters at night, and on one occasion were much surprised by the very great attention which the hostess paid them. Gretry especially seemed the object of her solicitude. She removed the common cover that had been set before him, and having replaced it with one of her best, helped him to the daintiest dish on the table. When her guests rose to depart, she clasped Gretry in her arms, and bursting into tears, said a thousand things to him in German, one word of which he did not understand. Unable to account for this sudden friendship, he asked the guide if he could explain it, and was told in reply that this poor woman's son, to whom Gretry bore a strong resemblance, had left home only a few days before to study at Trèves; and the mother's feelings were so much excited by Gretry's appearance and circumstances, that she not only refused to accept any payment for the excellent cheer with which she had regaled him and his friend, but inquired whether Gretry had money enough to carry him to Rome, offering to supply him if he had not, and recommending him in the strongest terms to the care of the guide.

At length our weary travellers reached Rome, and were compelled to separate, each to carry out his own plan of improvement, and seek the means for present maintenance ; but the fatigue which Gretry had endured on his long journey proved too much for a frame never remarkable for strength, and he sunk into a state of extreme debility.

His situation was now truly pitiable. Alone in a strange country, poor, friendless, and suffering under a painful illness ; yet he did not despair. He felt that the same Power that had preserved him from an untimely death, and carried him safely through all the dangers and difficulties of his childhood and youth, could raise him now from his bed of sickness, and restore strength to his limbs and vigour to his mind. Hope was his nurse, and cheered him with her soft whisperings and continual smiles.

After a time, he began to recover, and was able to stroll to some little distance from the city. In one of his rambles chance conducted him to the dwelling of a hermit, with whom he entered into conversation. The good man observed his pallid looks and feeble steps, and questioned him on the subject. Gretry told him

of the illness from which he was then but slowly recovering, and its cause ; and the hermit, who felt much interested in the youth, pressed him to take up his abode with him till his health should be fully restored, adding that he would soon recover his strength in that pure air and quiet retreat. Gretry gladly acceded to the proposal ; and the days which he spent with this worthy recluse were some of the happiest of his life.

As soon as he found himself capable of exertion, he returned to Rome, to resume the studies which his illness had interrupted ; and he soon became known as a young artist of great promise. His first opera met with the most flattering success ; and a few days after its representation, he had the gratification of being followed by a troop of young artisans in a public promenade, singing in chorus, and with much taste, several passages from this opera.

After having spent some time at Rome, he became anxious to visit Paris ; and set out for that purpose on the 1st of January 1767.

On his way he stopped at Geneva, where he was induced to remain a few months, for the purpose of giving lessons. During this time he

set to music the little opera of “Isabel and Gertrude.” After this he went to Paris. But the first months of his residence in the French capital were far from being satisfactory ; he experienced nothing but disappointment and mortification. At length Marmontel undertook to bring out one of his compositions—the opera of “Huron”—which was received with unbounded applause ; and from this period Gretry ranked among the most distinguished composers in France.

He was now constantly engaged in composing either for the Comic Opera or the Academy of Music ; and upwards of thirty of his compositions were, between this and the year 1799, performed with the most unqualified success. Some of them are well received even at the present day, notwithstanding the great improvements made in the science of music since Gretry’s time. “Zemira and Ayor” and “Richard Cœur de Lion” have, within a few years, been translated and brought out in London, and were much admired. The Institute of France was proud to reckon him among its members ; and even during his lifetime a marble statue was erected to his honour in one of the theatres of Paris.

But he was not only a composer of the first order, he was also a distinguished writer, and published several most interesting works. One of these, under the title of an "Essay on Music," is in fact a history of his own life and musical compositions ; and the reader follows him with a feeling of lively interest throughout the whole work.

Within about four leagues of Paris, at the entrance of a beautiful valley, stands the delightful dwelling known by the name of the Hermitage of Montmorency. Here Gretry took up his abode, and spent the last years of his life, surrounded by his family and a few chosen friends, and blessed with all that could make life desirable.

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### V A U C A N S O N

#### THE MECHANIC.

Jacques de Vaucanson, born at Grenoble in 1709, was endowed with a wonderful talent for mechanics, to which he dedicated his whole

life; for even in his early years he evinced none of the habits and inclinations of mere childhood. His pursuits even then indicated an extraordinary degree of intelligence.

His mother was extremely devout, and took him with her every Sunday to the house of some ladies as seriously disposed as herself. One day while the ladies were conversing, the little Vaucanson caught a glimpse, through the crevices of the partition, of a clock which was in the next room. It was the first time in his life he had seen such a piece of furniture; and after gazing at it for some moments, he proceeded to examine it more closely; and at the next visit, having taken care to provide himself with a pencil, he succeeded in sketching the clock, and in discovering the play of the springs, of which he had had only a partial view. A few days after, he constructed a wooden clock, the mechanism of which was tolerably accurate. After this he made some curious toys for children.

But soon the mechanical genius of Vaucanson took a bolder flight. During a short stay at Lyons, he heard that the magistrates of the city were just then deliberating about

some means of bringing a supply of water into the streets, and increasing the number of fountains ; and immediately the young Vaucanson devised a mechanism by which the Saone or the Rhone might be made available. But when he had fully worked out the idea, diffidence of his own powers deterred him not merely from formally proposing it, but even from mentioning it to any one. But what was his joyful surprise when, on a visit to Paris a short time after, he discovered that the celebrated piece of mechanism which was then on the Pont Neuf was in all respects exactly similar to what he had planned for Lyons ! This success, though even then he never mentioned it, was to him a positive proof of his vocation, and gave him courage to persevere. He took advantage of his stay at Paris to give himself up to regular and deep study of his favourite science.

From this period may be dated the brilliant series of masterpieces which place him in the first order of mechanics. Vaucanson, though of a noble family, had the good sense to consider manual labour as in no way derogatory to him ; he himself set the example to

the workmen whom he employed by labouring incessantly. An automaton is any piece of mechanism which can be made to perform certain actions like a living creature. Vaucanson had a taste for making machines of this curious nature. During an illness, caused by over-exertion, his restless mind planned an automaton which could play on the flute. In this he was successful. His flute-player was a wooden statue, dressed in clothes to resemble a man; it was of course hollow within, and here the machinery was concealed from view. It held the flute in its hands, and blew with its lips. This automaton musician played with wonderful accuracy; but the artist was not content with this—he must have it evince taste, and not perform as a mere machine. He succeeded even in this, and the playing of an amateur of the day was accurately imitated. It is said that when the servant of Vaucanson heard the automaton play, he fell at the feet of his master, believing, in his simple credulity, that he had a power equal to that of the Deity.

The mechanic power of Vaucanson went still further. He made two automaton ducks,

which dropped down their heads with the motion peculiar to these birds, and gobbled up their food out of the trough, and swallowed it; when, by an arrangement of wheel-work within, the grain was digested in the stomach. Vaucanson had found the secret of imitating the animal functions, so as to deceive the most practised eye.

The fame of Vaucanson had now become so famous, that in 1740 the king of Prussia made proposals to him with a view of drawing him to his court; but our mechanic preferred remaining in his own country; and the prime minister a short time after appointed him inspector of the silk manufactures. This office opened to Vaucanson a field for showing what his art could effect for the promotion of various branches of trade. But on a tour of inspection, his life was in danger at Lyons, from a plot against him by the weavers, who denounced him as the enemy of all handicraft trade, which, they asserted, he wanted to ruin altogether by the introduction of machinery. The excitement was so great, that they talked of nothing less than death to him. The immediate cause of the riot was a particular kind of flowered silk. "You pretend,"

said Vaucanson, addressing the weavers, “to a monopoly of this pattern ; you say none but yourselves can make it: now I will make an ass execute it.”

And in effect the machine was soon ready, and the refractory weavers yielded, in order not to have the disgrace of a competition with the long-eared animal which was to compete with them, and might after all surpass them. This machine is still to be seen in the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, precisely as originally constructed, and with a part of the pattern worked by it. An improvement in the silk-mills was his last work ; and though suffering acutely during the few days preceding his death, he was urging on the workmen, that he might still present to the industrial class this additional gift. He died on the 21st of November 1782.

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#### ROBERT FULTON.

Robert Fulton was born in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, United States. His

parents were poor Irish immigrants, burdened with a numerous family. He was only three years old when he lost his father, and at the age of eighteen he could do no more than read and write a little. But naturally of active mind, and inspired by the very genius of industry, he resolved, notwithstanding his total destitution, to obtain the knowledge which he had hitherto no means of acquiring. Accordingly he came to Philadelphia, and there, though exposed to the utmost poverty, he succeeded in getting instruction in drawing, painting, and mechanics. He was seen going from house to house, from street to street, selling landscapes, or taking likenesses, which brought him some little means of livelihood.

Nor were Fulton's motives for exertion merely selfish: he was a good son, and laboured for his mother, whom he with difficulty supported from the scanty profits of a small farm which he rented. But at the end of some years, by self-denial and economy, he contrived to save a sum sufficient to purchase the little piece of ground. Having thus secured the possession of it to his mother, and placed her above want, this enterprising young man went over to Eng-

land, and studied under West, the celebrated historical painter, and his own countryman, by whom he was kindly received, and under whom he made rapid progress. But Fulton was, as it were, irresistibly impelled to turn to mechanics. In 1793 he laid before the English government a project for the improvement of canals, in which the locks were to be replaced by inclined planes, by which boats on wheels might go up and down. He also submitted some plans for the construction of roads, of new aqueducts and metal bridges; but he could get neither the government nor any private company to decide on carrying them into execution.

To these projects Fulton added at the same time some other inventions. He devised a kind of plough for the hollowing out of canals, a mill for the cutting and polishing of marble, and a machine for twisting ropes; but the only notice taken of him in England was the granting of three or four patents, and some letters of thanks from a few learned societies.

Depressed by such little encouragement, Robert Fulton went to France, where he was received with generous hospitality by Joel Barlow, then plenipotentiary from the United

States to that country. The closest friendship was formed between the patron and his protégé —the former already one of the most celebrated poets of America, the latter straining every nerve to be the first engineer of the new world. During the seven years which Fulton passed with his friend, he gave himself up with ardour to the study of French, Italian, and German, made great progress in mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, and perspective, and wrote some unpublished treatises.

About 1797 he proposed for the adoption of France a method of propelling boats under water, to be used in war. But no good came of this project ; and he directed his attention, very fortunately, to the planning of a vessel to move by paddles—that is, a steam-vessel. It is generally understood that Fulton obtained his idea of a steam-vessel from a boat he had seen in Scotland. Whether this was actually the case, he had great difficulty in bringing the invention into a practical form. The first steamboat he made was a small vessel, which he tried on the Seine at Paris. This boat broke in the middle ; but not discouraged, he built a second boat, which was tried with great success in the close

of the year 1803. About this period Fulton was again called to England, but meeting there with no more encouragement than he had met in France, he left it for New York. There he assembled the authorities of the place, and a great number of the inhabitants, and laid before them his inventions in their most minute details, and immediately afterwards went to work at a steamboat, which he called the "Clermont." Public opinion was entirely against Fulton; but the chancellor, Livingstone, alone and unaided, supplied the necessary funds. The Clermont was tried in the August of 1807, and with the most entire success. The genius of the inventor had been doubted; but now doubt and incredulity gave place to an admiration without bounds, and an almost frenzied enthusiasm.

The Clermont, after some improvements, went from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours, and came back in thirty; that is to say, it traversed in that space of time a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. As the enormous machine passed along the banks of the Hudson, it threw the inhabitants into the utmost consternation, as well as the crews of the several vessels that happened to be on the river. The

contemporary journals state that the sailors, astonished and dismayed by the long column of smoke which rose into the air, and by the noise of the wheels, rushed down into the hold to shut out the sight of the fearful apparition.

A short time after this the Clermont became the regular conveyance of the mail between New York and Albany. And now more than five hundred steam-vessels—thanks to the inventive genius of Fulton—traverse the large lakes, the rivers, and the seas of America. From this success, as might naturally be expected, wealth and fame flowed in upon the American engineer.

He now returned to his experiments in connection with submarine artillery, and blew up by his terrible engine an old vessel of two hundred tons. But amid all his success, he seemed doomed to encounter disappointment. His claim to the honour of having been the first to establish, to any purpose, steam navigation was disputed before the Legislative Assembly of New York, and they proceeded so far as even to seize upon one of his boats. These fresh vexations totally destroyed his already declining health; and he died on the 24th of January 1815, at *the age of forty-nine.*

As soon as this sad event became generally known, public regret was manifested in a striking degree. The newspapers appeared with black edges; the municipality of New York, and the different literary and scientific societies, assembled and passed a resolution that they were to attend the funeral, and that every member of the several bodies should wear mourning for a certain period. The Senate expressed its share in the general feeling, by an order that mourning should be worn by both Houses.

Fulton was of tall and well-proportioned figure; his features, of manly beauty, betokened an intelligent and reflective mind, while his easy and polished manner was quite in keeping with a character which united at once great mildness and gentleness with a vivacity, gaiety, and frankness which made him the charm of every society in which he mixed. He expressed himself with ease, energy, and originality. Still in the prime of life, and a considerable fortune opening to him new resources, what might he not have accomplished had his career been prolonged a few years? But Divine Providence willed it to be otherwise, and a premature death

carried him off in the midst of projects as bold as they were novel. Canals with inclined planes, ploughs for hollowing them out, roads and metal bridges, machines for rope-making and for sawing the hardest stone, panoramas, the introduction of steamboats upon the waters of the United States, the Mediterranean, the Baltic—such are the trophies which decorate the tomb of this great man, who, sprung from the lowest class of society, deprived of all early education, and whose almost gigantic projects exposed him to the rude scorn of the vulgar-minded of every rank, yet overcame all these obstacles, and made his way to fortune and to fame.

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POITEAU  
THE CELEBRATED BOTANIST.

The life of the gardener Poiteau is another striking instance of success resulting, under the Divine blessing, from the honest and persevering exercise of the powers of mind and

body given by a wise and beneficent Creator. This great botanist, born in the year 1766, in a small hamlet near the city of Soissons, spent the first years of his life working in a kitchen-garden. Desirous of improving himself in his art, he came to Paris, and was at first employed in the gardens which supplied the Parisian markets with vegetables. Become a proficient in this branch of gardening, Poiteau next worked in the flower-gardens; and after a short time was admitted, in 1790, into the Jardin des Plantes—his only object in soliciting employment there being to learn the names of plants, not to study the plants themselves, for he had not the most remote idea of botany. But his naturally thoughtful and inquiring mind did not suffer him to be long content with the mere names—he soon learned to desire to study them in themselves; that is, to know their characteristic distinctions, the differences which exist between them, their useful or noxious properties. It was then, for the first time, that, to use his own words, “he learned what was the value of education.”

Until this period he had received no school instruction. He could neither read nor write.

Not discouraged, the diligent youth taught himself not only to read his native language, and to write it grammatically, but acquired a knowledge of Latin, by which means he was able to study the works of Linnaeus.

He had been working three years in the Jardin des Plantes, and for more than one year had the charge of the School of Botany, when one day the celebrated gardener Jean Thouin became aware, to his great surprise, of the extent of his self-acquired knowledge.

A little time after, he was chosen by the learned Daubenton to be his colleague in the establishment of an institution connected with gardening in a distant province. But this plan not having succeeded, our botanist was obliged to accept employment in the commissariat for the army in the Pyrenees. During the time he was thus engaged, Thouin, who had at length learned to appreciate his powers, encouraged him by his letters, urging him not to slacken his efforts in the attainment of knowledge.

Thanks to this zealous patron, Poiteau was enabled to go to St Domingo with several naturalists sent by government to that colony.

This voyage was as useful to himself as to botanical science. He did not confine himself to making collections, but studied the nature of the plants, described all their organisation, and almost in every instance added to his descriptive accounts coloured drawings, in which fidelity to nature was closely preserved, and which are interesting to the scientific student. Poiteau brought back with him to France a collection of six hundred parcels of seeds for the Jardin des Plantes, and about twelve hundred specimens prepared and named by himself.

Poiteau still continues, we believe, to cultivate and enrich a science, the lifelong object of all his toils, and which has obtained for him a brilliant and honourable reputation, fully sustained by several works lately published by him. Had he been as indifferent to self-culture as the too great majority of men are, he would never have risen above the rank of the poor garden boy in which he commenced his career.

## VINCENTIO VIVIANI.

A boy, apparently about twelve years of age, and whose costume was that of the poor peasants of Tuscany, came one day, in the year 1638, into Florence, the splendid capital of the duchy. He carried, slung upon a stick over his shoulder, a very small bundle, in which was his whole wardrobe; and though the little pocket of his jacket was but slenderly furnished, yet he had brought from home all the money his father was able to give him, for the road and for his support till he could find some means of livelihood.

" You are now a great boy," said his father to him ; " you are strong, you have good sense, you are at an age to work for yourself, and I am not able to support you any longer. Be prudent, honest, and industrious ; and if you set the fear of God before your eyes, you may be sure that, wherever His providence may lead you, there will be found some kind heart that will not desire better than to help you."

The father and the child wept together, and

then parted. The little exile from the paternal roof having taken the road to the city, began to calculate how he could make his little stock of money last as long as possible. Lest he should wear out his shoes, he fastened them to the end of his stick, and barefoot proceeded on his way ; but when he came quite close to Florence, he bathed in the Arno, shook the dust off his clothes, and sitting down on a stone, mended with a needle and thread, which he had taken care to bring with him, the rents in his cotton trousers. After this he proceeded to dress himself as neatly as he could ; for he had a very proper desire to have a respectable appearance.

It seems strange at first sight that the father of the young Viviani could have decided upon parting with him at so tender an age, or that he could have expected that those young weak hands could have laboured so as to obtain sufficient for his support ; but, ignorant as he was, the father perceived and appreciated the high capacity of his son's intellect. Viviani did not know a single trade, was ignorant of any art, but it may be said he was capable of acquiring all. Endowed with wonderful quickness of apprehension and great powers of observation,

he almost guessed what he was not taught : once placed upon the road to knowledge, he seemed to need no guide to walk in it with assured step. Thus scarcely had he been taught the letters of the alphabet, than rapidly he learned their combinations, and was able to read well. He was told that two and two make four, and from this starting-point he advanced to the most complicated operations of arithmetic. In default of the principles necessary to regular scientific calculation, he invented for himself a method as simple as it was ingenious ; and it was by means of small pieces of wood, cut into different forms, that he succeeded, alone and unaided by any other mind, in discovering the laws of numbers, and all their varied combinations.

The village clergyman had one day translated literally for the child one of the Psalms of David ; by the help of these hundred lines Viviani succeeded in understanding and translating in his turn almost the whole of the remaining Psalms. Nor was this quickness of perception limited to mental operations. More than once, in visiting the village workshops, Viviani, who knew not even by name the laws

of motion, equilibrium, or mechanics, suggested a mode of conquering a difficulty with which some of the workmen had been struggling for whole days, and this by a train of reasoning as simple as it was accurate.

Such was the boy whom poverty had driven from his native village, and who now walked through the streets of Florence lost in wonder at the beautiful things he beheld around him. Amongst the marvels that attracted his attention, there was one which seemed to rivet him in front of a shop window. This object of attraction was a magic-lantern. Not knowing what use could be made of it, his usual discernment was for once at fault. Any other besides Viviani would have passed on, feeling it hopeless to puzzle his brain any longer; but he was not one of those who pass lightly from one object to another, without caring to examine into any. Finding that his natural ingenuity was inadequate to discover what he wanted to know, he took the somewhat bold measure of going into the shop and asking the proprietor to explain to him the construction of the lantern. A magic-lantern was at that time rare, and highly prized. Viviani, once made acquainted with this new

kind of toy, saw at once what an advantageous use he might make of such an attractive spectacle, if he could but take it through the different villages to exhibit to the country children. He laid upon the counter all the coin that his pocket contained, and asked if it would buy the wonderful lantern.

"No," replied the good man, for such happily he was to whom Viviani had applied. "You might be ten times richer, and after all have too little to buy what you so much covet. However, as you seem to think that your whole future fortunes depend upon your possession of it, I do not wish to stop you in your career. I cannot sell you the magic-lantern, but I will hire it out to you. You appear intelligent, and I believe you honest; I only ask you to come back here at the end of every week to tell me how much you have earned, and in proportion as your receipts have been good or bad, I will fix the amount of hire."

We need not dwell upon the grateful delight of Viviani. He was soon installed in his new office of showman, and went from hamlet to hamlet presenting strange figures to the curious gaze of the people of the country. They ad-

mired the figures to his heart's content, but paid so badly, that Viviani had no very cheering report to make to the good shopkeeper at the end of the week. His shoes were beginning to wear, and in order to save them, he determined not to extend his excursions beyond the city, and he took up his station with his show-box under the great gate of a palace ; but his receipts were not much increased. One very wet evening the boy was standing in oft-disappointed expectation beside his lantern, when he perceived at a distance a man crossing the street, which the rain had caused to be deserted.

"Sir—sir," cried he, running after the passenger, "if you will not come and see my beautiful figures, I shall not have wherewithal to get my supper and my night's lodging."

The person who thus heard the boy's urgent appeal was no other than he who had assigned to the sun his place and orbit in infinite space, and who had suffered so much from the ignorant prejudices of his age—was no other than Galileo.

Touched with compassion at sight of the little suppliant, he yielded to his prayer ; and not-

withstanding the rain, condescended to stop for Viviani's exhibition. He listened patiently till the end of the boy's explanation, and when the representation was over, still remained questioning him upon the construction of his phantasmagoria. Viviani replied with his usual clearness and accuracy; then he passed on insensibly to some problems and difficult points in optics, which he had learned to solve in his Saturday evening conversations with his patron—the benevolent proprietor of the lantern. So true is it that knowledge is a treasure, that Viviani had rightly prophesied when he said his fortune lay in the possession of the lantern: to it he owed his meeting with Galileo. That great man took a fancy to the child, brought him to his own house, and was a father to him. So sedulously did he cultivate the surpassing talents of the boy, that he became one of the first mathematicians of the seventeenth century. His reputation was soon spread throughout all Europe. The princes of the House of Medicis vied with each other in loading him with favours; Louis XIV. gave him a considerable pension; the Scientific Academy of Paris admitted him as a member; and Ferdinand II., Grand-Duke of Tuscany, confided to

him the management of several important political negotiations with the different sovereigns of Europe. Loaded with honours, Viviani died at an old age.

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## R O U B O

## THE PARISIAN JOINER.

Towards the end of October 1781, public rejoicings took place at Paris on occasion of the birth of the dauphin, the eldest son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette. The corn-merchants, amongst others, wished to celebrate as a body this event, and their market was to be decorated for the occasion. At that period it was surrounded by covered galleries, in which the sale of corn, &c. was carried on, while in the centre was a large open court, with here and there some penthouses, which had a very unpleasing effect. As they wanted free space for the festival, they threw down these penthouses, and an immense awning was suspended over the whole of the court ; so that, when illuminated,

#### ROUBO THE PARISIAN JOINER.

This part of the building formed quite a brilliant spectacle. Two young architects, recently arrived from Rome, were so struck with it, and spoke of it with such enthusiastic admiration, that they gave rise to the idea of substituting for the awning a covering in wood; and the measure was soon decided upon by the committee appointed to consider it. But it was not quite so easy to execute as to plan: the undertaking was a most difficult one, and manifestly above the powers of a carpenter or even an ordinary joiner. The difficulty lay in finding a roof which would not be too heavy for the old foundations and the already standing buildings. The architects were quite puzzled, and unable to come to any decision. At last a person at the meeting said, "I think I know your man, and he is the only one in all Paris capable of carrying out the idea. The man I mean is Roubo the joiner, author of the treatise on the 'Art of Joinery;' who not only unites in a remarkable manner practice with theory, but also is both a draughtsman and an engraver, as has been proved by the designs and plates appended to his work."

"Why not send for him?" said the arc-

tects ; and Roubo obeyed the summons. But as true talent often doubts its own powers till it has well tested them, Roubo would not answer on the instant, but requested to be given till the next day for consideration.

"I undertake to construct the cupola," said he, when, punctual to his appointment, he appeared the next day, "but only on condition that I shall be allowed to carry out my own conceptions."

The condition was accepted, and Roubo set to work, with the aid of the carpenter Albouy. He had minutely studied the method employed in the construction of the Château de la Muette by the celebrated Philibert Delorme, the architect of Henry II. This method consists in the substituting for large beams deal-boards placed horizontally, so as to form roofings of any dimensions. Roubo adopted this plan as incontestably the best ; and incessantly did he labour, unwearied was his care and watchful superintendence, till at length the desired object was attained ; and without a single workman having been hurt during the progress of the work, the cupola of the corn-market was completed the 31st of January 1783, presenting a diameter

only twelve feet less than that of the Pantheon at Rome.

When the scaffolding was about to be removed, and the building of the arch thus tested, all the spectators, and even the workmen, retreated to a distance, fearful of possible accident. Roubo, full of a just confidence in the accuracy of his calculations, alone remained under the platform to await the issue. A shout from the numerous spectators proclaimed the removal of the props, and the stability of the work ; and soon was the modest Roubo taken from his post of observation, and borne to his own house on the shoulders of the workmen, amidst the acclamations of a crowd pressing around him, in eager curiosity to behold the man to whom Paris was indebted for a structure at that time entirely novel. On this occasion, as upon so many others, Roubo showed as much disinterestedness as talent, in giving up the claim he might have had as the designer, and refusing to receive more than a certain sum for the conduct of the works. His enthusiasm for his art did not, however, hinder him from foreseeing that, sooner or later, such works would be taken out of the joiners' hands. The smith Raguin, who

had made the iron lantern at the top of the cupola, speaking one day of it as a remarkable piece of workmanship, "Hold your tongue," said Roubo; "if I had been a smith, I would have made the whole cupola of iron." His anticipations were realised twenty-eight years afterwards. His noble cupola of woodwork having been destroyed by the conflagration of 1802, was rebuilt in 1811 by Brunet; but, as it now stands, all in iron and copper.

We have now only to tell how Roubo had attained such powers as those that fitted him to produce this masterpiece of its kind. The son of a journeyman joiner of little intellect, and bad character, he had been early left to shift for himself; but unlike the great majority of his fellow-tradesmen, who go to work like so many machines, without any other object than to earn a little money, only to spend it in the tavern and the alehouse, he denied himself everything, in order that he might give himself wholly up to study. His life furnishes a fresh proof of the resources to be found in a determined will, backed by a love for industry. He felt that, to rise above the class of ordinary workmen, he needed more

knowledge than he had acquired ; and he set himself to a zealous study of the art, though at every step he encountered a thousand difficulties. The little money given him for his support he often laid out in buying books and models for drawing. The most severe privations seemed sweet to him, provided he could thereby procure any facilities for study. When he began to work as journeyman, he was so poor, that during the long winter nights, in order that he might read some hours later, and enable him to purchase a good light, he was obliged to content himself with ends of tallow or grease which had been thrown out, and which he eagerly collected.

The Professor Blondel was the kind patron of Roubo, and had reason, as we have seen, to be proud of his pupil. The completion of the cupola, by spreading his reputation, brought him much lucrative employment : he was engaged in many other important works ; but the Revolution ruined him.

This celebrated artisan died the 10th of January 1791.

## CESAR DUCORNET,

## A SKILFUL DRAUGHTSMAN, BORN WITHOUT HANDS.

Young persons who read works of biography will have perused the account of Huber, a Swiss naturalist, who, though blind, had the ingenuity to discover the habits of bees, and to write a treatise on the subject. We are now about to mention a case even still more wonderful, which shows the solicitude of a gracious Providence to equalise His gifts ; and also the wondrous resources which energy of purpose and love of industry place at man's disposal.

In the early part of the present century a poor child was born at Lille without arms ; his name was Cesar Ducornet. Apparently frowned upon by fortune, as well as by nature, poverty and deformity seemed alike to condemn him to drag on a wretched and cheerless existence, with scarcely any other alternative than the being shut up in an hospital, or leading the vagrant life of those mendicants who infest the streets, displaying the disgusting spectacle

of their infirmities and diseases, in the hope of exciting the compassion of the passers-by. Contrary, however, to all expectation, the ingenuity of industry opened up a far different prospect for the young Cesar Ducomnet.

People in general are fully persuaded that a man without arms is incapable of any labour ; and perhaps it is precisely the idle and the indolent amongst them—those who make least use of the two lusty and vigorous arms which they have been given—whom it would be most difficult to convince that those generally docile executors of our will are not wholly and absolutely indispensable to any exercise of industry. Cesar Ducomnet is a striking proof that the sad deprivation is remediable to a certain degree. He thought of substituting his legs and feet for the arms which Providence had denied him. He knew that several persons, by continued practice, had at last succeeded in managing a pen with their toes almost as dexterously as with the fingers. Ducomnet aspired to attain the same power with the pencil, as applied to the art of drawing ; and his very first efforts were crowned with success. Not only were his productions admitted into

the exhibition of drawings at Lille in 1818, but the judges who were to pronounce upon the merits of the different candidates made honourable mention of Ducornet. Six years later (1824), our interesting artist, in an examination for admission into the Royal Academy of Paris, obtained the second place out of two hundred and twenty-five candidates. Louis XVIII., pitying so great a misfortune, and astonished by such talent under such circumstances, granted a pension to the young Ducornet, which enabled him to continue studies undertaken so boldly in defiance of every obstacle, and pursued with such admirable perseverance.

Cesar Ducornet now ranks with the most approved French draughtsmen; and the productions of his pencil are sought for with a twofold interest—in their power as works of art, and in the personal misfortune of the artist.

## PIERRE LA RAMEE.

The childhood and youth of Pierre la Ramee, known in the learned world as Ramus, the celebrated French philosopher, presents us with another of those pictures of indefatigable perseverance and patient industry that can never be too much pressed upon the attention of those who have not yet risen above the common but ill-founded prejudice, that anything like regularity or diligence fetters genius, or is unfavourable to the growth and exercise of talent. His career furnishes us with fresh proof that genius, in its highest creations, finds persevering industry not merely not inconsistent with it, but its indispensable associate.

Pierre was the grandson of a nobleman of Liege, who lost all his property by desolating war, and withdrew to France, where he was reduced to gain a livelihood by making and selling charcoal, and to make his son, Pierre's father, a labourer. Pierre was born in 1515; but we are about to present him to our readers at a somewhat later period, when, as a boy of

eight years old, clad in a coarse peasant's frock and woollen cap, he entered Paris by the Faubourg St Denis, and, as it were, instinctively turned his steps towards the Rue de la Paille, a street in which were accustomed to assemble for play all the pupils of the different schools or colleges at the hours allowed them for recreation. The young peasant—for such his provincial garb and his stare of wonder and curiosity at all the novelties around him bespoke him to be—was no sooner perceived by the band of mischief-loving urchins, than he was seized upon as a fit object to torment; and thus fallen into their hands, he had to endure not merely a volley of curious questions and ill-natured remarks, but also some rough usage. But at last one amongst them, more good-natured than the rest, perceiving that hunger was legibly imprinted on the poor child's pale face and attenuated countenance, gave him some of his bread; and then the poor boy got courage to say, “I have walked very far; I am very tired.” With a feeling of shame at their thoughtless cruelty, the boys now moved to give him room to sit down upon the straw with which the street was strewed; and

soon La Ramee, cheered and refreshed, and sitting at his ease, was able to answer the questions touching himself and his journey which his new comrades now put to him, in a better and more kindly spirit, and thus ran his simple and artless tale:—

“ I was born in the village of Cuth, in the Vermandois, now about eight years ago. I lost my father and mother just as I was beginning to walk; and as I had no one in the world to take care of me, I was obliged to ask charity from the good people of the country; and I thought myself very well off when I could get enough of the black bread, sometimes quite hard, that the kindness of those who had nothing more to give shared with me. But I was happy indeed if a bit of cheese, or a raw onion, or even a grain of salt was added to it. When I grew up a little, the neighbours would no longer support me in idleness, so they put into my hand a great long wand, and gave me the charge of a flock of geese. Oh it was so tiresome to be driving them every day to the marsh! and then they were so unmanageable, never minding my voice, or even the switch, but straying here and there,

so that I could not always succeed in bringing them all home in the evening to the farmer. Well, one day I became so tired of them, that I resolved to leave the geese to get home as best they could by themselves, threw my wand into the bushes, and set out for Paris. I was obliged to beg on my way, as I had before begged in my native village. I had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman, who allowed me to travel with him, and who must be very learned; for when we stopped at night, he taught me the names of all the letters of the alphabet, and even how to put them together to make words. Now that I am in the great city, I cannot say that I have come into it much richer; but on the road I have acquired the desire for knowledge. This is something; and now may God have mercy on me, and incline the heart of some one amongst you, young gentlemen, to take charge of my education, which has only just begun!"

Having wound up his story with this prayer, Pierre la Ramee offered his services to the students, engaging himself alone to be valet to them all, and only asked as his wages some food and some instruction. For several months

he went on executing in the town the commissions of his employers, bearing with exemplary patience their ill-humour and caprices, and picking up here and there a few crusts of bread and some scraps of Latin and Greek. When night came, with ill-fed body, but a mind full of the lessons caught up during the day, which he kept repeating over and over to himself, the poor child lay down under one of the arches of the city bridge, which he had selected for his lodging.

Pierre la Ramee was quite content with his lot ; for not to starve, and to have opportunity to learn, was the height of ambition of this ardent votary of knowledge. But his happiness was of short duration. Vacation came, and the students left the several colleges to return to their families ; and La Ramee was left without a master to wait upon, without bread to eat, and without lessons either in Greek or Latin to treasure up. Gladly would he still have made an effort to support himself in Paris till the re-opening of the classes ; but the plague broke out, and the boy, in alarm, reluctantly took refuge in his native village of Cuth, where he remained vegetating for four years. However,

about the time the good King Louis XII. died, a little servant-boy, of about twelve years old, was to be seen at the college of Navarre, who, after spending the whole day in sweeping the class-rooms, devoted the greater part of the night to study. When all were asleep, the child, taking advantage of a bright moonbeam, or by the light of some embers, conned over the lessons of the masters, or wrote down his recollections of what he heard of the lectures while waiting occasionally at the doors. We need scarcely say that this boy was Pierre la Ramee. He had returned to Paris as soon as he heard that the plague had ceased its ravages ; and at his earnest solicitation, the rector of the college of Navarre consented to his being admitted to wait, not upon the professors, or even the students, but upon the servants of the establishment as helper.

The note-book of La Ramee, so industriously filled, fell into the hands of one of the professors. Surprised at the intellectual power and talent manifested in the manuscript, he sent for the boy, and questioned him closely, in order that he might ascertain that he was really the writer, and discover how he could have learned so much

when he had been taught nothing. Pierre explained by what means he had been able to learn the lessons of the masters, and begged the professor to put him through a regular examination, as he was not sure of knowing perfectly what he had only thus learned by stealth. The professor, who began to feel a lively interest in this industrious student, asked him a number of questions, to which he replied with the most lucid accuracy. He embraced him, and told him that he might prepare to maintain publicly his thesis, as no time should be lost in conferring upon him a master's degree. He acquitted himself with an ingenuity and ability even beyond the professor's expectations, and that very day he was promoted by the university to the rank of doctor.

It is his boyhood we undertook to tell of, and therefore shall not proceed to any account of his later life, marked by many trials and vicissitudes. His numerous writings show him to be a man of universal learning ; and his bold and successful attacks on the class-rooted prejudices and abuses of the schools, and the manner in which he sustained his misfortunes and persecutions, prove him to have been pos-

sessed of great firmness and resolution. Nor were disinterestedness nor generosity wanting amid the moral qualities that marked him out as a good, no less than a great man. He remembered his own hard struggles, and maintained some poor scholars at his own expense—“Taught by that Power who pitied him, he learned to pity them.”

It is generally admitted that few learned men have attained higher reputation, had more admirers, and consequently excited greater envy, than the celebrated Ramus. This great writer and orator was unfortunately killed when in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His early struggles suggest the following lines :—

“ Let not, oh generous youth ! thy mind recoil  
At transitory pain, or manly toil,  
Nor fondly linger in the painted vale,  
Nor crop the flower, nor woo the summer’s gale ;  
Heedless of Pleasure’s voice, be thine the care  
Nobly to suffer, and sublimely dare ;  
While Wisdom waves on high the radiant prize,  
And each hard step but lifts thee to the skies.”

## JOSEPH JACQUARD.

Jacquard, the son of a silk-weaver, was born at Lyons the 7th of July 1752. His early childhood was passed in the midst of hardships. A glance into the interior of his father's work-room will give us some idea of what those hardships were, as well as a tolerably accurate picture of the state of the master weavers of Lyons at that period.

The rays of the wintry sun, scarcely admitted through squares of paper arranged in imitation of window-panes, cast but a feeble and dubious light into a miserable garret in St George's Street at Lyons. Though several persons were assembled round a loom, at which they were working most assiduously, a gloomy silence reigned in the place, which was only broken by the noise caused by the motion of the treadles and the cords.

Placed on a high seat in front of the loom was a man of middle age, who kept continually moving his legs from side to side, as on the movement thus given to the treadle the work-

ing top of the fabric depended. Near him was a young woman, pale and thin, sitting before a reel, winding off singles for the weft; whilst two young girls, obliged to preserve a position of painful constraint, were pulling the cords of the loom.

There was something from which both eye and heart turned with sadness in the contrast here presented, by the close contact between penury and luxury, between the rich costly stuffs and the wretched rags of these pale care-worn beings, handling the gold, the silver, and the silk, which was known to them, alas! only by the hard toils which they underwent in working them, and mingling them in elegant and varied patterns.

“Antoinette, do you know where Joseph is?” inquired the man of his wife in a tone of almost exhaustion, yet without once stopping his loom.

“He is gone to the manufacturer to get silk,” replied the woman.

“He has been gone a long time?”

“Yes, two hours; but the manufacturer always keeps him waiting. You are in pain, Marie,” added she, addressing one of the two

young girls busied in setting the pulleys in motion.

"It is nothing, mother," replied the young girl. "It will soon be bed-time, and then we shall have a little rest."

"Yes, but only to begin the toil again to-morrow," said the man.

"And would you wish to have it otherwise, my dear?" replied Antoinette with an air rather of resignation than content. "After all, is not this a much better season than the last, when, don't you remember, Charles, I have often seen you tighten your leathern belt to help you to bear up under the scanty nourishment on which we were obliged to subsist; whilst now, though we have hardship enough it is true, at least we have something to eat? Come, Marie and Josephine, courage, my children: if our dinner has been slender, we shall have a good supper to make up for it; boiled chestnuts and a bit of bacon, and as much bread as you please."

A faint exclamation now escaped Josephine, the palest and thinnest of the two young girls.

"Are you in pain?—are you ill?" inquired Antoinette, glancing uneasily at the young girl.

"No, aunt," slowly replied the poor child, in whose sunken eyes life seemed to be almost extinct.

"Will you change with me, cousin?" said Marie to Josephine. "My work is, I think, easier than yours."

"No; I am very well as I am," gasped out Josephine, the expression of whose pale languid face manifested not the slightest sign of sensibility to the remark of her aunt or the attention of her cousin.

There was another few moments of silence—of rest for the lips, but not for the body, which was in never-ceasing movement; when, Josephine having involuntarily let a second groan escape her, the eyes of the master of the room turned towards her.

"Poor little one!" said he; then abruptly resuming his work, he added, "Did you hear that the wife of the weaver Joubet died yesterday, Antoinette?"

"Oh no; and of what did she die?" demanded Antoinette with surprise.

"Of what did her eldest daughter die last year? Of what did her sister Jane die last week? Of what did my Cousin Marion—Jose-

phine's mother—die five years ago, when she threw Josephine upon us, and we have had her ever since? Poor child! I do not mean to upbraid her with what we have done for her; God forbid! But of what do all the weavers die before their time? Of want and over-work, Antoinette! Look at these two children," continued he in a lower tone, casting a side look towards the two young girls, who, continuing to work the pulleys, and wearied out by the attitude in which they were compelled to remain, paid no attention to what was passing around them.

"Ah!" again murmured Josephine.

"There is one who is going the same road as her mother!" exclaimed the man, as he paused for an instant to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"You do not say so, Charles?" said Antoinette, starting in spite of herself.

"Do you not see how deformed the girls are getting?" replied he. "Look at Josephine; even when she crosses the room to fetch anything, she cannot stand upright, poor little creature!"

"Josephine has always been weak and

sickly," said the woman, as if wishing to put away from her the sad truth. "Besides, when this piece is finished, I will make her rest for a few days; and that will restore her. As to Marie, it is different with her: her paleness does not proceed from illness; always confined in a narrow space without air, we cannot expect her to be rosy; but otherwise she is strong and healthy."

"Yes, as healthy as a young wall-tree withered at the root. She will be no more left to us than her eldest sister was left, or our poor Cousin Marion, Josephine's mother. Marie will die, and our dear little Joseph too; and you and I, my poor wife, will have no one to close our eyes!"

"God is good, Charles!" said Antoinette calmly, forcing her pale lips to smile, in order to cheer her husband. "He will preserve our children to us. You do not feel ill, do you, Marie?" said the poor mother, her smile quickly vanishing as her eye fell on the wan cheek of her child.

"No, mother; a little tired, that is all," replied the young girl, who seemed to have acquired redoubled strength from these few words of her mother.

"But Josephine is very ill."

"No, it is only fatigue," replied Josephine.

"Dear Josephine," whispered Marie, "my father, after all, will yet consent to my marriage; and then I will take you home with me, and you shall do nothing but rest all day. Will not that be good?"

The poor girl answered "Yes;" but as if she had said, "I do not care."

"My father shall not kill himself with work any more, nor starve in the dead season; and mother shall be merry all day, and not be blinding herself winding singles: she may give herself some rest. And then my brother, my little Joseph, shall not be a weaver; I will make him a satin-maker, or a velvet-maker, whichever he likes best: but you, above all, my poor Josephine, you must play the lady; and if my husband complains at having to support an idle girl, no matter, cousin, I will manage for you privately. But what ails you, you are weeping, Josephine? You are in great pain, are you not? Well, if you cannot wait for my marriage to rest, you ought to say so; but you never complain."

"What good would that do, Marie?"

"It would do this good: that you would be let rest," said her cousin. "Would you wish me to speak to mother, eh? Why do you not answer me?"

"I—have—not—strength."

"You have strength enough to work!"

"It is not strength, but habit."

"There is my brother Joseph!" exclaimed Marie suddenly and joyfully.

The weaver raised his eyes to watch the entrance of his son, whose steps were now heard ascending the staircase which led to the work-room.

Josephine was the only one who did not seem to heed his approach.

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The door now opening, admitted Antoinette and her son, a youth of about thirteen years of age; and, like all the children of the weavers, he was thin and delicate-looking; his countenance, to which a pensive expression had imparted rather a look of absence, had in it at a first glance nothing remarkable; though at times a sudden thought seemed to light up his

pale features, and to make them, as it were, instinct with new life.

"And where have you been so long?" demanded the silk-weaver of his son.

"In the first place, here is the silk," replied Joseph, giving his mother a bundle of a rose-coloured tint. "Then, as I was returning from Mr Hardy's, I met Toussaint, the son of François the weaver. You know him, father?—he was weeping. I asked him where he had been. 'At Martel's, the joiner's,' replied he. 'Father is from home, and mother has broken his loom; Martel would not take the trouble of coming to repair it, because he says he is pressed to finish a job; and so our loom must stay as it is, and when father comes in this evening, he will be excessively angry, and I am at my wit's end.' So, father, as you may guess, I soon asked what was the matter with the loom: he told me. I found it was a mere nothing; so I went to his mother's, and I repaired it."

"Is it you! And without any help?" exclaimed his father in astonishment.

"It did not require much cleverness, I assure you, father. But, after all, these looms are badly made!"

"Indeed!" said Charles in a jesting tone, as if laughing at his son. "I should like to know what is the matter with our looms."

"The whole thing is wrong; the whole thing," replied Joseph with the greatest animation. "What good is a machine that requires so many people to set it in motion? A machine which kills those who work at it! Look at your own face, father, covered with perspiration; look at Marie, who has lost her fine rosy chubby cheeks; look at Josephine!" the young boy paused, apparently for want of an expression strong enough to describe the state of this last poor sufferer. "It is an atrocious machine that loom of yours!" added he again.

"Well, why don't you invent another?" said his father abruptly.

"And why not? I do not see why I should not."

"Come, you silly fool," said Charles, shrugging his shoulders, "instead of criticising what has given a livelihood to your father and all your family, you would do better to throw by your cap, take off your coat, and set to work."

"If you please, father," said Joseph, looking

at the young girls, "I will take Josephine's place for a few moments ; she cannot go on any longer, poor little creature ! See, mother, her hands can scarcely hold the pulleys. Josephine, what is the matter with you ?" cried the young boy, running to his cousin, who almost fell into his arms.

"It is nothing," replied she, scarcely audibly, making a slight movement as if to resume her working attitude ; but it seemed as if this was the last effort of exhausted nature, for the poor child fell speechless and motionless into the arms of the young weaver.

"Josephine ! how pale she is !" cried Marie, rising and running, all in tears, towards her cousin. "Josephine ! why did you not tell us you were so ill ?"

"Do not weep so, Marie," said Antoinette, fetching a bottle of vinegar, with which she bathed the temples of the dying girl. "It will be nothing ; it will be—nothing—I hope." But the fear which was depicted on the aunt's countenance proved she did not feel the hope with which she wished to inspire others.

"Nothing !" repeated Marie, weeping and clasping her cousin's hands between hers.

"Nothing! and she is growing more pale, and her hands are damp and icy-cold! Josephine—Josephine! are you going to die like your mother?"

"Charles, run for the doctor; lose not a moment!" said Antoinette to her husband, who made but one jump from the stool to the ground. "Run, and do not let him delay, I intreat of you! My God! my God! have pity on us!" added the poor woman in a tone of unutterable sadness. Charles went out without saying a word.

"Josephine—Josephine! speak to me!" said Marie, now weeping bitterly: "for pity's sake speak to me!"

But Josephine did not answer: she lay heavily on the young Jacquard, who gazed upon her in sadness and silence; she did not even by raising her eyes give token that she was sensible of the presence of her companions in toil and suffering; her breathing alone showed that she was still alive. Not a word was spoken by any of the unhappy family until the well-known steps of the weaver were heard returning with the physician; broken sobs alone were heard; each one of these poor people seemed to read in the

death-like face of the young girl the fate which awaited them also.

The breathing of Josephine, which had become every moment feebler and more intermitting, ceased altogether as Charles and the doctor entered the work-room.

“ It is all over ; is it not, sir ? ” said Charles to the doctor, who was attentively examining the dying girl, and sorrowfully shaking his head at each confirmation of his fears.

“ You have called me in too late, my friend,” said the doctor, laying down Josephine’s arm, which he had held till then.

And he had quitted the work-room before any individual of the sorrowful group had fully taken in the sad meaning of his words ; and nevertheless they were plain enough ; but we are ever prone to cherish illusions even in the face of the dreadful reality. But after the departure of the doctor, the perfect motionlessness, the death-like stillness, convinced them that the poor young creature no longer existed. For a few moments they yielded to natural grief ; then, as if imperious necessity had imposed a restriction upon sorrow, each member of the family ceased to weep, and without speaking a word,

as if by a simultaneous impulse, they removed the body of the child into a corner of the room, and throwing an old shawl over it, resumed their work in mournful silence.

Joseph went, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, to set himself in the place occupied but a few moments before by Josephine, bending his body into the same painful and constrained position which had killed the poor girl.

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The clock of St George's Church now struck seven, and the poor family remembered it was the hour for supper. They did not go into another room, for the simple reason they had not another; and though the body of Josephine was still there, waiting till the next day should take it thence to its last restingplace, Antoinette proceeded to take from an old trunk some boiled chestnuts and bits of broken bread, which she distributed all round.

Joseph did not touch his supper, but appeared lost in sorrowful thought; and he at last approached his father and said, "Do not be angry, father; do not think it is mere childish caprice

on my part when I tell you that I have thought about it a great deal, and I am determined not to be a weaver?"

"Wife, will you believe me another time?" cried Charles, striking his knife against the corner of his loom, which served as a table. "You scolded me when I told you your son's brain was turned. But tell me, foolish boy, what has put this fine idea into your head?"

"It is the sight of the miseries which the weavers have to suffer, father. If there were different looms, indeed I do not say what I might do."

"Are not these very good?" demanded the father.

"Ask her," said the boy in a lower tone, as he cast a tearful glance towards the corner of the room where lay the body of the young girl.

"After all," said the weaver, "that is what we must all come to—it is our fate."

"It is our lot to work for the rich; that is quite just," replied the boy: "it is a matter of fair exchange between us. It is not of that I complain, but of the useless waste of our strength by such implements. It is of the loom, father—of a loom which kills the workman."

"You are a simpleton, Joseph!" said his mother. "How can you dream of changing a machine which has been used by every weaver from time immemorial?"

"And because it is the same machine which has been used by every one from time immemorial; for that very reason, dear mother, it seems to me another could easily be invented. I beg your pardon, father; excuse me, but pray hear me out; or rather tell me, are not your silks more beautiful and more highly finished than those made by your father?"

"My father was not a weaver," replied he: "he was a stone-cutter at Conyon."

"Was not my granduncle a weaver?" demanded Joseph.

"Yes," said his mother.

"Well," continued he, "did he make as beautiful silks as my father?"

"Certainly not," said the weaver.

"Then, since the silks have been improved, why may not the looms also be improved?"

"Why?—why?" repeated the weaver; "because it is impossible."

"Say, rather, because it has never been thought of, father," replied the boy. Then

added with a sigh, as he looked at the place where the body of the little Josephine was laid, "And yet it ought to have been thought of."

"But what do you mean to do with yourself?" demanded his father, also touched by the sight of the inanimate body.

"To enter the service of Mr Pinot the bookbinder, father, for the present."

"For the present! How do you mean?"

"I mean till something better offers."

"It is better for you to follow your father's trade. To whom should I bequeath my loom if not to you?"

"You can bequeath it to my sister's husband, as my grandfather bequeathed his to you," replied Joseph. "As to the rest, I do not say I will never work as a weaver; I say only till another loom is invented; and, father, that may yet be done."

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In compliance with his wishes, Jacquard was now placed with a bookbinder; but his inventive mind was perpetually urging him to the study

of mechanics, while his want of means obliged him to resist the impulse. However, a circumstance now occurred which developed his genius for mechanics, and placed it beyond all doubt. Just before the Peace of Amiens, the Royal Society of London offered a considerable prize for the invention of a mechanical process for the purpose of weaving nets. This advertisement, copied into a French paper, was seen by Jacquard. The idea took hold of him; he thought over it—went on from step to step—and at last, after many fruitless essays, he discovered the secret.

Jacquard, who possessed as much simplicity of mind as true talent, imagined that, since he had made the discovery, others must have made it also. Yet this did not prevent him from completing the net; but once done, he put it in his pocket, and thought no more of it. However, one day whilst with one of his friends, the conversation turned upon the advertisement.

"Here is the solution of the problem," said he; throwing the net on the table.

"And is it possible you are taking no steps with respect to such a discovery and the offered prize?" demanded his friend.

"Nonsense," replied Jacquard. "Do you think I am the only one who has discovered it?"

"Will you intrust it to me?" said his friend, taking the net.

"With all my heart," answered Jacquard. And an hour afterwards he had quite forgotten his net, and had returned to brood over the idea which had occupied him so long—the means of ameliorating, by the construction of a loom of a different mechanism, the miserable state of the weavers of Lyons.

Some short time after this Jacquard was sent for by the prefect, and told that he was summoned to Paris by the Consul, and must repair thither immediately. In his simplicity he was almost bewildered in conjecturing the cause of his being sent for; but obey he must. On his arrival at Paris, he was instantly ushered into the presence of Bonaparte, then First Consul, and Carnot, prime minister.

"Are you the person they call Joseph Jacquard?" demanded Carnot abruptly. "Is it you who pretend to do what is impossible—to put a knot on a cord at full stretch?"

Confused by the tone assumed towards him,

and the high personages before whom he stood, Jacquard could not utter a word. But Bonaparte having repeated the questions with that condescension which he usually adopted towards those whom he believed to possess talent, the poor man recovered his voice, and replied most satisfactorily.

From this conversation may be dated the commencement of the success and fame of Jacquard.

And now we behold him installed at the Institute, where all the secrets of mechanism and all the wonders of industry and art surrounded him. Difficulties seemed to vanish before him at his will. He was ordered to construct a machine for the weaving of nets: he constructed it. A loom which had cost upwards of twenty thousand francs was shown him as that upon which had been woven a magnificent shawl destined for Josephine, the wife of the First Consul. The idea was suggested of a cheaper and less complicated machinery for the manufacture of those beautiful and costly articles: the idea was enough. Jacquard set to work, and succeeded. But his darling project—that of diminishing the waste of human life and

strength, now inevitable in the existing mode of manufacturing figured silks—never abandoned him: and he at length produced the loom which bears the name of *Jacquard*—the famous loom which is his principal claim upon the gratitude of posterity. At first, however, there seemed but little promise of any grateful feeling towards him; on the contrary, he had to struggle with every possible difficulty, and to brave the most violent persecution. A new Galileo, he saw himself the object of almost universal odium; and his fellow-citizens, it is said, instead of encouraging him, even threatened his life. He who ought to have been the pride of the people, was in the eyes of the infatuated populace, of the ignorant and misguided rabble, of those of all ranks who were blinded by prejudice and selfishness, an object of hatred and reprobation. *Jacquard* was considered by them as an upstart, as the enemy of the working-class, of his comrades the silk-weavers, whose misery, they declared, would be increased, and whose trade would be ruined by his invention. Such were the numberless and angry prejudices, the hostile feelings, which saluted the appearance of the most useful work

which the genius of art, united with that of industry, had ever created.

Jacquard, discouraged by this temporary check, and despairing of being able to make himself understood by the commonplace and vulgar minds, by the interested and malicious around him, seemed for some time to have renounced his project ; and shutting up his wonderful piece of mechanism in a loft, awaited, though not without impatience, better days—days in which he might still become, notwithstanding their opposition, the benefactor of his fellow-citizens. Nor was it the rabble alone that exhibited this blind prejudice ; the authorities of the city either shared it, or, still more discreditable in a moral point of view, yielded to popular clamour. By their order Jacquard's loom was publicly broken in the Great Square, and no attempt was made on their part to protect him from the threats, insults, and open assaults of the silk-weavers. One day he was attacked by three of them on the quay of St Clair, who were proceeding to throw him into the water, when the cries of their victim attracting the notice of some passers-by, his assailants took to flight. Jacquard himself used sometimes

to relate the following anecdote :—“ I went to buy ropes,” said he ; “ the ropemaker suddenly began to complain of his condition and diminished profits. I asked him to what he attributed this state of things ? ‘ Ah, sir, it is this infernal loom of Jacquard’s which is the cause of it ! It has simplified everything ; it has taken away food from the poor. Is it not infamous, I ask of you, to encourage these monstrous inventions which deprive the labourer of his bread ? Indeed if rope only were wanting to hang this Jacquard, I would willingly give ’——

‘ All that is in your shop ?’

‘ At least enough to do that job.’

‘ Are you acquainted with Jacquard ?’

‘ No ; and I have not the least wish to know him. I know that he is a bad citizen, for none but a bad citizen would desire to starve the people.’

‘ He has been painted blacker than he is ; and if you were to speak to himself, he would soon convince you that his loom is altogether for the benefit of the working-class.’

‘ I should like to see how he would set about it.’

‘ Well, listen to me, for I am Jacquard.’ ”

Great was the surprise of the ropemaker, who mumbled out lame excuses and regrets. "It is my wife," added he in conclusion, "who turns my head, telling me every day some idle story or other."

These prejudices remained in full force till France began to feel the effects of foreign competition ; Jacquard's loom was then adopted in the work-rooms of Lyons : but it was not till eighteen years after that all France did it full justice.

Thanks to this machine, the condition of that part of the populace of Lyons engaged in the silk trade has been wonderfully ameliorated. If their work does not always give them a livelihood, at least it does not kill them ; and now, instead of pale and sickly beings crowding the work-rooms and the Schools of Design, may be seen children fat and chubby, with the rosy cheeks of their age, and healthy and active men, no longer put to the torture by the implements of their trade.

The introduction of this loom was the means of giving a great impetus to the trade. In 1788 there were only two hundred and forty looms for figured silks ; in 1801, the epoch of the

invention of Jacquard, there were two thousand eight hundred ; and now, of thirty-two thousand looms at work in Lyons and its suburbs, one-third are of those that bear his name.

The First Consul had marked his sense of this useful discovery by conferring upon Jacquard a pension of six thousand francs ; and Jacquard, joyfully content with the income derived from this, and a moderate salary from the corporation of Lyons, for which he agreed to devote his whole time and labours to the service of the city, lived in modest retirement, his only outward distinction being the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which had been conferred, without any solicitation on his part, as a reward justly due to the man who had lightened the toils of nearly eighty thousand individuals. Such was his disinterestedness, that he had not taken out several patents that were granted to him, and derived no advantage whatever from his discovery of the process for weaving fishing-nets. And when he was told of persons whom the discovery had enriched, he was wont to answer, "So much the better ; it is enough for me to have been useful to my fellow-citizens, and to have in some measure deserved their esteem."

Towards the close of his life Jacquard retired to a small lodge at Oullins, one league from Lyons; and in this unostentatious rétreat he was visited by many an illustrious traveller, many a learned man, many a statesman from every country. And when some amongst them remarked that "his native city had not been very munificent to him," he replied, "I have quite enough. I did not ask so much, and I desire no more."

He died in 1834, at the age of eighty-two.

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#### PIETRO DU CORTONA.

Berettini, commonly called Pietro du Cortona, was born in 1596 at Cortona in Tuscany. A little shepherd of twelve years of age, he one day left the flock which had been confided to his care, and went off to Florence, where his only acquaintance was a little boy of his own age, nearly as poor as himself; and who, like him, had also abandoned the village of Cortona, in order to serve as a scullion in the kitchen of the

Cardinal Sachetti. But a much higher ambition led Pietro to the town of Florence ; he knew that in that city there was an academy of the fine arts and a school of painting ; and the shepherd wished to be a painter. Having searched the town, Pietro at length stopped before the door of the cardinal's palace, and inhaling from afar the odour of the kitchen, he patiently waited till his eminence was served for an opportunity to speak to his comrade Thomasso. He waited for a long time, but at length the much-wished-for moment arrived.

" Is that really you, Pietro ? And what has brought you to Florence ? "

" I am come to study painting."

" It would be much better for you to learn cookery, like me. One is sure at least of not dying of hunger."

" You have as much to eat here as you like then ? " said Pietro to him.

" I have indeed," replied the scullion. " I might stuff myself till I burst, if I liked it."

" In that case," continued Pietro, " I see we shall understand one another ; as you have too much, and I have nothing, I will bring you my

appetite, you shall give me some of your provisions, and we shall get on quite well."

"Here goes," said Thomasso.

"Let us begin then directly," replied Pietro, "for you must know I have not had any dinner, so there is no time to be lost."

Thomasso then bade him follow him, and hid him in the garret where he slept, offered him half of his truckle-bed, and told him to wait there, assuring him he would not fail to return to him with some of the fragments of his eminence's dinner. We need hardly say that the repast was a pleasant one; Thomasso was as merry as a grig, and little Pietro was as hungry as a hawk. Supper being over, they proceeded to grave consultation, and Thomasso began— "Now that you are comfortably lodged and well fed, nothing remains for you but to consider how you are to set to work."

"As all draughtsmen and painters do, with paper and pencil."

"But," objected Thomasso, "have you any money to buy paper and pencils?"

"Is it I? I have nothing at all; but I said to myself as I came along: Thomasso being a scullion at his eminence's, cannot be in want of

money; and if you are rich, it is just the same thing ; money might as well be in your pocket as mine."

Thomasso scratched his head, and replied, " That as to having plenty of broken meat, there was no lack of that in the house ; but as to money, he must wait for three years at least before he could demand any wages."

There was no help for it. Pietro must be satisfied. The walls of the garret were white ; Thomasso supplied the young artist with more coal than he could use ; and Pietro boldly set to work, covering the walls with sketches. Some liberality on the part of a guest having extended even to the scullion, Thomasso became one day the master of a few pence, which he bore in triumph to his comrade of the garret : and oh what joy ! the artist now had both pencil and paper. He set off at the break of day, and went to study the pictures in the churches, the public monuments, and the landscapes in the environs of Florence ; returning in the evening with an empty stomach, but a mind well stored with all he had seen. He cautiously re-entered his garret, where he was always sure of finding his dinner ready, hidden by Thomasso

under the mattress, less with the view of concealing it from the eyes of the inquisitive, than to keep it warm during the absence of his pensioner.

Soon the first designs in coal upon the walls were covered with more correct ones on the paper purchased with Thomasso's self-denying gift; for Pietro delighted to adorn, with what he considered his masterpieces, the narrow cell where the friendship of a child had so generously given him an asylum.

One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was about to repair his palace, came to inspect, in company with the architect, the upper storeys, and thus visited the garret of the scullion, where probably he had never been before. Pietro was not there; but the numerous sketches bore ample testimony to the labour and industry of the inmate. Both the cardinal and architect were struck with the boldness of the sketches. It was naturally supposed that Thomasso was the artist, and his eminence sent for him, in order to compliment him on his talent. When poor Thomasso heard that the cardinal had been in his garret, and had seen what he called the daubing of his friend Pietro, he thought he

was lost, and obeyed the summons in consternation.

"You shall no longer be a scullion," said the cardinal to him, little suspecting that the child had a boarder.

Thomasso mistook the cardinal's meaning, and imagined that he was going to dismiss him from his kitchen ; and the poor scullion, knowing that this would deprive both him and Pietro of all means of subsistence, threw himself at his master's feet, weeping and exclaiming, "My lord, what will become of my poor friend Pietro if you turn me away ?"

The cardinal, demanding what he meant, learned that these sketches were the work of a poor little shepherd boy, whom Thomasso had secretly housed for two years.

"Bring him to me on his return this evening," said the cardinal, still smiling at the mistake of Thomasso, and granting him a free pardon. But that evening the artist did not appear at the cardinal's palace ; then two days, a week, a fortnight elapsed, and still no account of Pietro du Cortona. At length the cardinal, who had become greatly interested in the young artist, learned that about a fortnight

ago the monks of an obscure convent had admitted and harboured amongst them a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who had gone to ask their permission to copy a picture of Raphael's, which hung in the chapel of the cloister. This child was Pietro. He was brought back to the cardinal's house, who received him most kindly, and placed him in the school of one of the best painters of Rome, where the study of the works of the great masters raised him to eminence in his art. Through the interest of Cardinal Sachetti he was employed on a saloon of the Barberini Palace; and his success gave him a place amongst the first artists of his day. He was immediately engaged to work in the Vatican, and in most of the principal churches of Rome. Having gained celebrity in the metropolis, he left it for Lombardy, and visited Venice. Florence, too, has some of his works amidst her collections—chiefly pictures of virtuous and heroic actions of ancient times. On one occasion, while employed in the Pitti Palace, and while the Grand-Duke Ferdinand was leaning over him as he painted, and admiring the figure of a child weeping, he suddenly said, " Shall I show your Highness how

quickly children pass from tears to smiles?" With one or two strokes of his brush he gave the face of the child a laughing air, and then again restored it to its former state. He then returned to Rome, and was employed as an architect; and numberless were the designs he gave for churches, palaces, and monuments. Engravings of most of his works have been executed by the best masters, and many painters of celebrity proceeded from his school.

About fifty years from the day of Pietro's first visit to the garret of Thomasso, two old men were living together, like brothers, in one of the handsomest private habitations of Florence. Of one it was said, "There goes the greatest painter of our age:" of the other, "There goes a model of friendship for every age."

**THE FIRST PRIZE.**



## THE FIRST PRIZE.

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It was a great day for my brother and me when my grandfather came in his carriage for us, to spend the summer vacation at his new residence in Devonshire. Born and brought up in London, our excursions to the country had been only at remote intervals, and confined to places not far distant from town. Besides the pleasure we expected from the journey, there were great anticipations as to what we should do at my grandfather's house, where we were to be left to ramble about to our hearts' content. Our hopes were formed from the character of our venerable relative. Ever since we could remember, the name of my grandfather had been associated with circumstances of an agreeable kind. He had been a friend to us all, and was esteemed

for the gentleness of his temper and the brilliancy of his talents.

In other respects our knowledge of my grandfather and his history was rather imperfect. All we had been told of his career in life was, that he had been a judge in one of the higher courts; and by the title of "The Judge" he was generally spoken of in the family.

"Well, children, are you ready for the journey?" was my grandfather's inquiry as he came to take us with him.

"Oh yes—quite ready to start," was our reply; for we had been waiting with cap in hand at the parlour-window for an hour at least.

Farewell being taken, and everything packed into the carriage, off we set with the joy of boys just let loose from school. It is not my intention to write an account of our travels; and it is enough to say, that after an amusing journey of three days, travelling by stages, we reached Fenton Hall in Devonshire.

We found our grandfather's house all that we could wish. It was beautifully situated on the bank of a fine river, that wound its way through a rich green country, embellished with gardens and orchards. The mansion was well-furnished,

and the grounds about it were in our opinion superb. My grandfather entered into our youthful feelings, and frequently we amused ourselves by drawing him in a wheeled chair along the garden walks. In the house, he pointed out much that was interesting. Only one thing seemed to be purposely left unexplained: it was a small ebony box, which stood always locked on a table in the library. Our attention had been early drawn to this little casket, and we had asked to see what it contained; but all our endeavours had failed to procure the desired indulgence. The manner in which our inquiries and hints had been set aside only sharpened our curiosity. The box became an object of intense interest. There was a mystery about it that we became deeply anxious to have explained. Many a time we visited the library to take a look of the box, and by shaking it, to have an idea of its contents: but we never could form any precise opinion on the subject. All we could learn was, that it contained something hard, which rattled on being moved.

One day we had made one of these prying visits to the library. Charles had taken up the

box to give it, as he said, a final rumble, when, hearing my grandfather's footsteps approaching, he hurriedly reached to replace the casket on the table, and in the confusion overturned and broke on the floor a handsome ink-glass. In the midst of our consternation at the disaster my grandfather entered the room.

The aged gentleman stood for about a minute, as if unable to comprehend the scene; at last something like a knowledge of what had occurred seemed to cross his mind, and I thought he looked strangely sad upon us both. My brother, mistaking his looks, ran to him to explain the cause of the accident.

"I did not mean to break the glass, grand-papa; indeed I did not; but we wanted to find out what was in the box; and when I was going to put it down, I happened to overturn the glass. I am very sorry for what I have done."

"Say no more about it, my dear boy," answered my grandfather. "We have both been in the wrong—you and your brother for giving way to an undue curiosity, and me for not explaining sooner what the box contains."

We were too much ashamed at the impropriety of our conduct to reply to this good-

natured speech, and stood awaiting in silence to see what was to be done next.

Taking a small antique key which hung at his watch-chain, my grandfather opened the box. The lid was raised, and disclosed to view —what does the reader think?—nothing more than a small and plainly-bound copy of Milton's Paradise Lost. And this was the end of all our expectations. We imagined that we should see some article of extraordinary value; and now we saw a little volume worth only a few shillings.

"We thought to have seen something much finer than this, grandpapa," said I with a tone of disappointment.

"Let your disappointment form a good lesson not to be forgotten: let it teach you to control all unreasonable curiosity. The greater number of mysteries which excite people's minds are very simple matters when once we understand them. In explaining to you the mystery of the box, however, which has given you so much trouble, you may perhaps be benefited in another way: you will see what can be accomplished in life by fixing the mind determinedly on a course of welldoing."

"Thank you, grandpapa: we shall be delighted to hear the story of the box."

"The story is of the book more than the box; and is this?" Here my grandfather sat down, and leant on the table, with one hand laid on the now empty casket. Charles and I were all attention.

"You now see me an old man with gray hairs. I was once a little boy like yourselves. But I was not blessed with parents so kind, and so able to do for their children, as you have the good fortune to be. I was the son of poor people, was early an orphan, and endured many painful privations. My first recollections are of being a humble drudge in an old farmhouse in Sussex, situated at a short distance from the sea. The family, besides the master and mistress, consisted of a number of boys and girls, who, I was told, were my cousins. My father had been a younger brother of the farmer, but little was ever said of him. I understood that, at the time of my birth, he had had a small farm in the neighbourhood; but having engaged in the mischievous trade of a smuggler, he was killed in an encounter with the revenue officers. My mother shortly

afterwards died, and I was thrown entirely on the bounty of my uncle's family.

"I am sorry to say that I was treated more as a charity-boy than as a nephew. My uncle was not wealthy, and my aunt was a rigid economist. Every one informed me that it would be necessary to work for my livelihood; and all took care to find me in employment. Of that I do not complain: boys are the better for being made industrious. But I had a craving for education, and in that respect nothing was done for me. By dint of perseverance, and a little assistance from a neighbouring plough-boy, I learned to read, though very imperfectly.

"When I was about twelve years of age, a young lady came to reside as a lodger in the farmhouse during the summer season. Coming from London, she was a stranger in the district; nobody knew anything of her except a female servant who came along with her; and as she came for the sake of sea air, she did not enter into any society. Her time was spent in walking and reading. In the course of the rambles of this amiable person, she had often occasion to pass where I was employed. Some-

times she would see me weeding in the garden, at other times attending the poultry, driving the cows to the field, or scouring aunt's saucepans.

"On such occasions I could observe that Miss Bligh, as the lady was named, looked at me with some degree of interest, if not compassion. She had been informed that I was an orphan, and saw that I was not overwell treated. I was much affected by the kind looks, and occasionally a kind word, from the stranger. I felt as if I had at length found a friend, and was anxious to show that I was grateful. Accordingly, at all suitable opportunities, I tried to perform little acts of service. When I saw Miss Bligh approaching the garden, I would run to open the gate; and when she met the cows, I hastened to drive them on the opposite side of the road. Once I ventured to gather and present to her a bouquet of wild-flowers, which was accepted with a smile and word of thanks. Kindness is rewarded with kindness. Nothing is ever lost by being polite; and it would be well to remember that even a herd or plough-boy may profit by civility.

"The lady seemed to observe my disposition to serve her; and one day when I had made extraordinary haste with her umbrella, in the midst of a shower of rain which had overtaken her in one of her long walks, she praised me for being a smart boy, and gave me a shilling. So much money had never been in my possession before, and I looked at it with astonishment, which having observed, she said that the money would buy me something at the next fair.

'I never go to a fair, ma'am,' I replied.

'And why not? Is there none near at hand?'

'There are plenty fairs,' said I, delighted to find any one who would take the trouble of inquiring into my affairs. 'But aunt says I should stay at home and work; and I never get to school, or to church on Sunday.'

'I am sorry for that. Your aunt would have you to be a very industrious boy; but "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy:" not that you are dull; quite the reverse; and I think that at all events it is wrong not to let you go to church. I suppose you would wish to learn to read?'

‘I can read a little already.’

‘Indeed; and yet you never were at school? How did you learn?’

‘Tom Clarke, the joiner’s son, who works next farm, taught me.’

‘And what books did he employ?’

‘No books at all, ma’am. I learned my letters off the tombstones in the churchyard; and I gave Tom a wicker-basket which I made for teaching me.’

‘That is certainly very curious,’ said the lady; ‘and I think you deserve encouragement. You wish to go to school?’

‘Yes, very much, ma’am; that is, if aunt would let me.’

‘I shall perhaps speak to her on the subject, and see what can be done; meanwhile keep up your spirits, and be as diligent as possible. It is a great thing to be in the path of duty, however irksome it may chance to be. Should you go to school, and prove a boy of talent, you may come to something yet. I lately read of a great judge who was once as poor in the world as you are.’

“Many a day and year the echoes of those words hung about my memory, and cheered me

on through the thorns and rough places that beset the path of the scholar.

"Miss Bligh was as good as her promise. She induced my relatives to allow me to go to school, and from her own purse she paid for the first year's instruction. Going to school was an important step in my life. I learned with an avidity which surprised my teacher. Morning and night I was at my books; and the more I learned, the more I wanted to know. Before next summer, when Miss Bligh returned to the farmhouse, I had made considerable progress, and stood near the head of the highest class. My advancement, however, was likely to prove my ruin. My uncle and aunt thought I had learned enough, and wished to withdraw me from school. I heard this with serious concern; but fortunately just at this time Miss Bligh returned, and by persuasion got me a respite for a second year.

"My relatives were in no small degree influenced in granting this indulgence by learning that the great man of the parish had stated his determination to give a prize to the best general scholar at next examination, when he would attend in person. They thought that if I got

the chief prize, a certain degree of honour would be gained to the family. Accordingly I remained at school, and studied hard to make myself deserving the prize.

" Well, the great day at length arrived, and with it Sir Charles and half the parish. The pupils in their best clothes were ranged on their respective forms, and with wistful eyes looked at the rows of pretty toy-books which were placed on a table as prizes. All had their expectations; but I had fixed my hopes on the highest prize —this poor little book, which I have preserved so carefully. The volume was new then, and so were my aspirations. Last of all the company came my aunt, and with her Miss Bligh, whose presence greatly increased her importance.

" The examination proceeded, and the pupils were generally praised; but having answered more questions without stumbling than any of my companions, and shown a better-written copy and arithmetic book, I was pronounced the best scholar, and received the FIRST PRIZE from the hands of Sir Charles, with all appropriate commendations, in which the more influential part of the assembly, including our teacher and the rector of the parish, joined. But the bright

smile of Miss Bligh, as she repeated her assurance that I would come to something yet, was sweeter than all to me. I was overcome with happiness and gratitude.

"On returning home, I went to my garret and wept; and found relief to my feelings in pouring out my heart in thanks to God for his care of my childhood, and for inspiring me with a resolution to combat the difficulties which in his Providence I had been made to encounter. This act of duty performed, I resolved, in boyish gratitude, to present my prize to Miss Bligh; and having written the presentation on a blank leaf, I placed the volume on a table in her room. This offering was not disdained. Next morning I saw my benefactress with my book in her hands at the window. She called me to her and thanked me, and showed over the whole house what she called the beautiful present I had made her.

"In due time Miss Bligh, with her servant, again departed from the farmhouse, to the universal regret of the family; and on leaving us, she promised to return, if possible, the succeeding year. 'If I do not come back, however,' said she to me on getting into the

carriage, ‘remember what can be done by persevering industry. Don’t neglect your books, and have no fears for the result.’

“With tears in my eyes, I saw this excellent being drive away. I felt as if again alone in the world; yet I forgot not her advices. I struggled hard to be *something*; and that something, by God’s blessing, I fortunately became. Miss Bligh did not return, but a new friend took me by the hand. Sir Charles Stanley interested himself with his attorney to take me as an apprentice; and behold me transformed into a clerk in a lawyer’s office. Five years I was in this situation, and then, by the recommendation of my employer, I was advanced to be acting clerk in an office in London. Here, by ten years of labour, I saved money sufficient to enable me to enter at the bar. I became a barrister, conducted cases at the circuit courts, gained some reputation, and fifteen years ago, when well up in life, received the appointment of a judge. I actually attained the office which had been held up to my ambition by Miss Bligh when I was a cow-boy in Sussex. Such are the strange revolutions in human affairs.

"But where all this time was my early benefactress? She had altogether disappeared. I never had been able to hear any more of her than that she had left the country, and was believed to be married, and settled somewhere abroad.

"One day I presided in one of the courts of law; the case for decision was the validity of a will, and involved a large estate. The defendant was a widow, Mrs West; and if defeated, she and her only child, a young lady, would be left penniless. The case of the widow was ably stated and defended by a young barrister: he did all that man could do to vindicate her claims to the property. But it was in vain: the jury found for the plaintiff. The unfortunate lady lost; and though much interested in her favour, I, as was my duty, could only pronounce her defeat.

"During the course of the debate on both sides Mrs West was in court. She sat beside her counsel, and occasionally prompted the questions he should put to witnesses. Her appearance was that of a lady of advanced age, with handsome features, and hair almost pure white. I fancied I had seen the countenance

before, and frequently cast a look towards her from the bench. On these occasions I generally saw her taking a steady and thoughtful look at me. When she retired from the court, after the case had gone against her, I observed that she was in tears, and still looked pensively towards me, as if bidding me adieu. I cannot describe the anxiety which I felt to discover who the lady was; for the papers and pleadings did not clearly reveal her history, though I had my suspicions of who she was.

"The able young lawyer who had conducted her case was easily found; and from him I learned, what my fears had suggested, that Mrs West was no other than my old benefactress Miss Bligh.

'Where is she?' said I; 'I must go to see her immediately. I must offer her all the assistance in my power.'

'I am sorry to say,' replied my informant, 'that she is too unwell to see any one, or to receive any communication. Her means being all gone, she occupies an obscure lodging in a mean part of the town; and since yesterday, she has become alarmingly ill with a fever, brought on doubtless with fatigue and anxiety.'

"This intelligence was distressing. I longed to acknowledge my deep debt of gratitude to the poor widow, and to offer her a solid testimony of my esteem. Day after day I waited to hear that she was recovering. My expectations were fruitless. I never saw her again. The news of her death were brought to me on the morning of the ninth day from that on which she had become ill. It had pleased Providence that we should never meet again on earth. But a new duty lay expressly before me, and I fulfilled it to the best of my ability: it consisted in taking charge of the daughter of my deceased friend, Louisa West."

"That was the name of our mother before marrying papa: was it not, grandpapa?" said Charles and I almost in the same breath.

"It was, my dear boys. Louisa West became the wife of the young barrister who had conducted her mother's lawsuit. And that barrister was your father."

"Oh how odd that is! But you have not told us about the box after all?"

"Neither I have; but it is soon done. The box was left to me as a dying bequest by Mrs West; and when I opened it, there was my

FIRST PRIZE, exactly as I had presented it to her many years before. You will now understand how much reason I have to take care of the box and its contents. They are a keepsake, which reminds me of what I was, and of how I became what I am."

"Then it was our grandmother who gave you this keepsake?" said Charles.

"Certainly."

"But, grandfather, I do not understand how you are our grandfather. Would you explain that to us?"

"I am not surprised at your question. The truth is, I am no relative of the family—only an old friend; but having adopted Louisa West as a daughter, I have come to be looked upon as her father and your grandfather. You understand now?"

"Quite so. You shall always be our grandfather, and we shall do all we can to love you for your kindness to mamma."

"And I love you in return for saying so. Those who love their mother may expect the blessing which is promised by God to dutiful children."

**EMILY AND LAURA.**



## EMILY AND LAURA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

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MADAME DE VERGINIS, accompanied by her two daughters, Emily and Laura, entered the gardens of the Tuileries by one of the gates of the Rue de Rivoli. They were engaged to spend the day with a relation who lived in the faubourg St Germain, and who had invited a young party to meet them; but previous to their visit, they wished to take a few turns in the public gardens. The fineness of the weather, their promised pleasure, the new and elegant dresses they wore on the occasion, all conspired to raise the spirits of the young ladies even beyond their usual height, so that they laughed at everything, but especially at the dresses of

those who passed near them ; for they were on this day particularly severe on the subject of fashion, and it would have been quite impossible for them to have resisted the effect of a last year's bonnet.

The two girls walked on together arm-in-arm before their mamma, who, being in conversation with a friend, did not hear all their foolish remarks. Nearly at the same time a young man entered by the same gate. He was thin and tall, and appeared still more so from the sleeves of his coat not reaching much more than half-way from his elbow. His hat, which scarcely covered his head, exhibited his long and ill-cut hair ; his shoes were coarse and strong ; and his whole appearance indicated poverty. He had a book in his hand, which he was reading with so much attention, that he walked on slowly beside the young ladies, who had thus the more time to make their observations ; and their present humour would not allow them to let so good an opportunity escape. Laura pushed her sister's elbow ; and she, to prevent herself from laughing aloud, was obliged to put her handkerchief to her mouth ; and as long as he continued near them, they went on making signs and

grimaces, which redoubled their inclination for laughter. When at length, by making a few long strides, he got a little before them, they tittered so loud, that the young man turned round and looked at them, then quietly resumed his book.

A little disconcerted by this notice, the two sisters continued their remarks in a lower tone.

"I suppose," said Laura, "he is going to exhibit himself on the Great Walk."

"Oh, of course," replied Emily.

"Let us make haste, that we may admire the figure he will cut," said Laura ; and they quickened their pace as much as the fear of going too far from their mamma would permit them. They saw the young man enter the principal walk, cross it, and as the throng of carriages prevented his getting out in the opposite direction, he walked on for some time without hastening his steps, leaving his book, or turning either to the right or to the left. Unfortunately they were not in time to see by what way he made his exit ; but he continued for a long time to be the subject of their merriment. They were finishing their second turn,

and about to leave the walk, when Laura, again pushing Emily, exclaimed, "There he is again!" and pointed with her finger, as she had the bad habit of doing.

The young man was coming across the walk towards them, and was now accompanied by a little girl, who could scarcely reach to lean upon his arm. Her dress, like that of her companion, was evidently outgrown; and though neatly put on, and apparently preserved with care, was of the simplest description. The poor child seemed agitated, and as if she were trying to drag on the young man to hasten him out of the walk; while as to him, nothing appeared to hasten him, or to disturb the immovable gravity of his countenance. Laura stared at them both in so marked a manner, that Emily endeavoured to stop her, for she saw how much the little girl was disconcerted by it, and her blushes took away all desire to ridicule her. Laura was much too giddy and thoughtless to make any such observation. She gazed at them till the first opening they came to enabled them to quit the walk. The two sisters left it soon after, and proceeded to pay their visit in the faubourg Germain, where they spent the remainder of

the day very agreeably. There was also a new and unexpected pleasure before them.

Their drawing-master had recently left France for a foreign country, and their mother was making inquiry for another. One was recommended to her who lived near the Pont-Royal, who had a painting-room for the reception of the young persons he taught. Emily and Laura thought that this would be a much pleasanter way of learning than taking lessons at home, and requested their mamma to try and get them admitted. Two days after, the friend who had been commissioned to make the inquiry brought them word that she had spoken to the drawing-master, who willingly consented to receive them; and their mother promised to take them to his house the next day to make all necessary arrangements. They went accordingly, but it was not a drawing day, and the painter was out; they were, however, told at what hour he could be seen on the day following. On returning by the Tuileries, they took a seat on the Great Walk, and had scarcely done so, when Laura, with her usual heedlessness, called out, "Emily, look!"

She turned, and saw the same tall young

man and the little girl they had remarked so much before. On perceiving them, the little girl drew back, and said in a timid voice to her companion, "Let us not go this way to-day."

"We must go on the way we have begun," said he, gently drawing her forward. "If we avoid the Tuilleries to-day, we shall be afraid to pass through the streets to-morrow." And he walked straight on, only quickening his pace a little for the sake of his young companion.

Laura had been tormenting her mother to make her look in that direction; but Madame de Verginis, otherwise occupied, did not turn her head until they had disappeared in the crowd. As to Emily, she was quite taken up with what she had heard, and spoke of it to her sister when they were alone, saying that they ought not to laugh at them any more, for that she believed they were unfortunate. Laura maintained that that had nothing whatever to say to it, and continued to talk so much of the rencounter of the morning, that her mother became quite angry with her: she disliked Laura's propensity of turning even the most trifling thing into ridicule, and wished to cure her of it.

The next day they again went to the painter's: he received them in a room adjoining that in which his pupils were at work. They were delighted with his appearance and manners, which were gentlemanlike and kind. The terms being agreed on, and the day fixed for the first lesson, they took leave, and, to their great regret, without having seen the pupils, who were not allowed to be disturbed. As they were walking along the Pont-Royal, "Would it not be droll," said Laura to her sister, "if we were again to meet in the Tuileries you know who?" . . . . She said no more, for fear of being found fault with by her mother. Emily made no reply for the same reason, and also because she began to find the subject less diverting. A man who was coming along the footway carrying a long plank, obliged them to stand back against the parapet. On doing so, who should they see but the tall youth again and his little companion, who had also been obliged to stop.

"Ah, there they are again!" said the little girl in a low voice, trying at the same time to conceal her face under her bonnet.

"We must accustom ourselves to it," said

the young man, as he walked on past them, closely following the man with the plank ; " we shall meet with many persons like them."

Laura, who had stood farthest from them, was the last to perceive them ; and having been found fault with the day before, was afraid to say much. She, however, pointed them out to her mother, who coolly observed that they appeared to be in a hurry, in which she did not see anything very ridiculous. But Emily, who had been next to them, and had heard what they said, felt a weight on her mind all the rest of the day, for she plainly saw that their satirical remarks had given them much pain, and she felt exceedingly sorry at having mortified them.

The day fixed on for the first lesson, Madame de Verginis accompanied her daughters to the painter's, and they were at length introduced into the room they had been so ambitious to enter. The first person they saw seated in a corner, a little separated from the rest of the pupils, was the same little girl who had been so much the object of their remarks. She looked up from her drawing as they entered, started, and blushed deeply. Laura looked at

her inquisitively; but Emily, who saw and felt for her distress, and recollecting also what she had heard, did not know whether to advance or retire. At length they were seated in their places, from whence they could plainly see her. Laura, inquisitive and inconsiderate, could scarcely take her eyes off her, while Emily more modestly satisfied herself with an occasional glance, and their mother had more than once to speak to them to pay more attention to their lesson.

They observed that the master, though attentive to all his pupils, was particularly so to her, although he did not appear to be very well satisfied.

"Mademoiselle Adèle," said he, "you who in general draw so well, are not doing so to-day: a little more attention if you please. What are you thinking about?" he resumed, as he saw her searching about on the table for her pencils; and as he said this in rather an impatient tone, tears fell from the eyes of the poor little girl. He perceived this, and seeing that she was agitated, he spoke to her more gently. "Come, cheer up, my good child: there, that is better; try and go on so," said

he, giving her a smile of encouragement, which she acknowledged by a timid look of gratitude, so sweet, that Emily felt quite affected by it, and even Laura could no longer distress her by staring. She had taken off her shawl and bonnet, and the two sisters could not help admiring her very pretty figure. She had beautiful eyes and hair; and though thin, pale, and rather melancholy, her countenance was extremely pleasing. She never raised her eyes from her drawing except to look occasionally towards the door; and when, at the end of the lesson, the tall young man appeared, she hastened to put on her things, and joined him with an eagerness which proved how glad she was to get away. She scarcely allowed herself time to take leave of her master, who, approaching the young man, shook him most cordially by the hand. Then perceiving that Madame de Verginis and her daughters looked after them with apparent interest, he returned, and taking Adèle's drawings out of her portfolio, he showed them to them, saying, "That is the best of all my pupils; and though she is but fourteen, I hope that in another year she will be able to take some herself, if she

can but conquer her extreme timidity. I have been obliged to place her by herself; she was so much disconcerted at being among these young ladies, that she could scarcely do anything ; and as you were strangers, I am sure it was your presence that quite discomposed her to-day."

The two sisters looked at each other and blushed ; and Madame de Verginis having asked the painter if he knew her family and situation, he replied, " All that I know is, that they were once better off than they are now. Adèle used to be brought here by her mother, who died about a year since ; and from that time, I have observed that the appearances of poverty have increased ; and I lately heard that her brother, who you saw come here for her, is obliged to work in a turner's shop. He is an excellent young man," added the painter : " an offer was made of enabling him to finish his studies gratuitously ; but he replied that he must first put his sister in a way of earning a livelihood, and that after that, he would study on his own account ; in the meantime he would work at a trade which would enable them to live together. He brings her here every drawing-day, and on

the intervening ones he takes her to a professor of music who lives close by."

"Well," said Madame de Verginis to Laura as they left the house, "do you now think Adèle's dress so very diverting?"

"No, mamma; but you must allow that when I met her for the first time on the Great Walk in the Tuileries"—

"You did quite right to laugh at her—did you not? Then supposing that any person met you there with her, it would be quite right to laugh at you."

"How should any person meet me there with her?"

"I do not know; but it might so happen."

"I would first give her one of my frocks."

"It would first be necessary to know whether she would accept it, which is not very probable, after your having laughed at hers."

Emily listened to all this in silence. She was thinking how it would be possible for her to atone for all her insults to Adèle, and to give her brother a better opinion of her; and she felt how great would be the difficulty: she could think of nothing else all that day. The next time they went to the painting-room Adèle

had not yet arrived, and Emily found means to take a place nearer hers. She came shortly after, and looked as if she had been crying; she hesitated about entering the room, while her brother appeared to be encouraging her, though he looked even more grave than usual. Emily, as she looked at her, and thought of all she had heard, wondered how she could have ridiculed her; she thought she could perceive something noble, and notwithstanding her youth, even imposing in her appearance: she glided, blushing and trembling, to her place. Oh how Emily longed to set her more at her ease! But she continued to draw without saying a word, for fear of adding to her embarrassment. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, she ventured to ask her for the loan of a porte-crayon, feeling that the most delicate way of commencing her acquaintance would be by putting herself under some trifling obligation. Adèle, without saying a word, selected one of the required size, and presented it with a deep blush. When Emily returned it, she took occasion to praise Adèle's drawing, which was indeed very beautiful, and obtained in return a few words of acknowledgment. Soon afterwards, Emily

asked Adèle some advice about her own drawing: she rose, and passing behind Emily's chair, showed her what she ought to do. Emily was exceedingly obliged, and thanked her so warmly for her advice, which had much improved her picture, that Adèle in her turn began to talk of their drawings, and on separating, took leave of her with some cordiality. Laura quite envied her sister for having been able to talk to Adèle, and wished much that she could change places with her. The next lesson-day Adèle arrived first; she moved back, to allow Emily to pass, and acknowledged her in a manner which delighted her. During the lesson, Emily asked her advice from time to time, and Adèle gave her some that was very useful: they now began to be quite good friends. When the lesson was over, Adèle's brother had not arrived; and as he was usually so very punctual, she soon became quite alarmed; for besides her uneasiness on his account, she did not know how she should get home. Madame de Verginis, who saw her distress, inquired in what part of the town she resided; and finding that it was at no great distance from her own house, she offered to accompany her; but this Adèle positively

refused; and they could plainly see that she did not like to be seen with them in her humble dress. Madame de Verginis, who was goodness itself, offered to remain with her a little longer. Five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed, and still no brother appeared: the painter was obliged to go out.

At last Madame de Verginis told her decidedly that she must go with her. The poor little girl could no longer resist; besides, the uneasiness she felt about her brother took away all other considerations. Emily seized one arm, and Laura was going to do the same with the other; but her mamma told her to remain beside her, as three could not walk together on the footway of the bridge. This was a great disappointment to Laura; but the moment they entered the Tuileries, she flew to Adèle and took hold of her arm with an eagerness which made her mother smile. She crossed the Great Walk with her, without even once thinking of what had a few days before appeared so ridiculous. On leaving the Tuileries, they asked Adèle where they were to take her; when, with some hesitation, she pointed out the turner's shop in which she hoped to find her

brother; but on entering it, she perceived that he was not there.

"Ah! where is Henry?" she exclaimed in the greatest anxiety.

"Oh, it will be nothing," replied the turner's wife. "Monsieur Delamarre received a kick on the leg from a horse as he was going for you; but it will be nothing."

Adèle, pale as death, and nearly fainting, continued to ask, "Where is Henry? Where is he?"

At that moment Henry appeared from the room behind the shop, supporting himself with difficulty upon his wounded leg. Adèle ran towards him, then stopped, fearing she might hurt him. "Poor little girl!" said he, as he tenderly embraced her, and assured her that he was not much hurt; the horse had but grazed his leg, and he was suffering only from the pain and the shock of the contusion: he showed her that his leg was not broken, and that he could move it as well as the other. Adèle told him that those ladies had been kind enough to bring her home. He then looked at them for the first time, slightly blushed, and bowing to Madame de Verginis, he thanked her with the air of a well-bred gentleman.

Emily could well understand why he thought himself indebted solely to her mother. Madame de Verginis expressed some uneasiness about his being able to reach home ; but he told her that as he lodged in the next house, he had only the stairs to mount, which he would be able to do as soon as the pain had a little subsided. They then took leave of the brother and sister. Emily and Laura embraced Adèle, who looked at her brother ; and Henry now thanked Madame de Verginis and her daughters for their kindness to his sister.

"Well, Laura," said her mother as they were returning home, "would you have liked the people to have laughed at you to-day when they saw you with Adèle in the Great Walk ?"

"No, indeed, mamma, I would not."

"It is a great pity," replied Madame de Verginis, "that we did not meet some little girl like you ; she would not have failed to have done so."

"But, mamma," said Laura, "Emily laughed at her as well as me."

"Ah, not long !" said Emily ; and she heartily wished she had never done so at all.

The next morning Madame de Verginis sent

to inquire for Monsieur and Mademoiselle Delamarre, for she had learned their name from the turner. Henry replied that they were well, but that his sister could not have the pleasure of seeing the ladies at the painting-room for some days, as he would not be able to accompany her.

Madame de Verginis sent him word that if Adèle would like it, she would accompany her both there and back again; and Adèle gladly availed herself of the kind offer. An intimacy was now established between these three young persons. Adèle, once placed at her ease, delighted them with her frank and gentle manners. The inquisitive Laura asked her a thousand questions, and before long, the two sisters knew all hers and Henry's history. They learned that they had lost their father three years before, and their mother during the last year. They had been rich, and had even kept a carriage; but Monsieur Delamarre had made speculations which turned out badly, notwithstanding which, he continued to keep up the same establishment, saying that it was the only way to preserve his credit; and by this means he completed his ruin. He died chiefly of grief;

and Madame Delamarre also died two years after, from the succession of sorrows she had experienced. She had been excessively unhappy during the two last years of her husband's life, at seeing him ruining himself and his children, without being able to influence him to change his conduct. "He must support his rank; he must live suitably; it was the only way to preserve his influence, and to re-establish his affairs."

Madame Delamarre would reply, "That nothing was so suitable as to live according to his situation, and not to spend more than he had; that they ought not to emulate rich people, since they had become poor; and that they were much less respectable in keeping up a false appearance than if they courageously reduced their expenses within the limits of their fortune." She would also say, especially at first, "We are still richer than when we began life. If we live within our income, and you work as you did then, you will soon make another fortune; and you will be much happier than you are now, when you know not where to look for the means of supporting your family." Her husband would not listen to her, and Madame Delamarre would

weep for hours together whenever he brought her money to pay his bills, for she well knew that the money was not his own.

Her children, who never left her, saw and partook of her grief. Henry especially, who was the eldest, used sometimes to get into violent fits of despair, and would say, "If I were grown up, I would go somewhere and work like a labourer; I would live only on what was my own." The days on which his father gave great dinners he was not able to eat a bit, nor did he like to wear the new clothes which were made for him. He said it was ridiculous to see a person who was poor dressed like a man of rank. He did not say all this to his father, lest he might offend him; or to his mother, for fear of adding to her affliction; but he used to open all his mind to Adèle, who did everything in her power to console him, and who, in order to please him, would seldom put on her new dresses, for she listened with great attention to everything her brother said, who was four years older than herself, and who, every one said, was a youth of great promise.

When M. Delamarre died, the creditors seized everything; but as his wife was much respected,

they allowed her some trifles, which she employed in educating her children; but at her death they lost everything. Henry would not apply to any person for assistance; his relations were not wealthy, and they lived in a distant province, and no person troubled themselves about them. They possessed nothing in the world but their wardrobes, which fortunately were large, and a few trinkets which had been given them in their childhood. Henry had a valuable diamond pin, and Adèle had a necklace of fine pearls; these Henry said he must sell in order to continue the education of Adèle; and that, until she was enabled to take pupils, he would make out a living by his trade of a turner, which he had first learned for his amusement, and in which he had much improved since he saw the necessity there would be of his working for his bread. Adèle felt rather grieved when he first talked of disposing of her dresses; however, on the day that he was going to sell his watch, his diamond pin, and his own fashionable clothes, she brought him also her dresses, her necklace, and the rest of her trinkets. They kept nothing but their plainest things. Adèle, notwithstanding her good rea-

lutions, could not help feeling a little ashamed the first day she went out in a common morning frock, and persuaded her brother not to go through the Tuileries; but the next day he told her that it would be foolish for them to lengthen their walk every day, and that they must be satisfied to appear poor since they were so. He, however, avoided accosting their former acquaintances. "They might feel ashamed of us," said he; "and it would not be right for us to make them feel uncomfortable."

"And that was the reason," said Adèle archly, "that I was afraid he would be angry at my coming home with you."

"Is he ever angry with you?" said Laura.

"Yes; sometimes when I feel ashamed of people looking at us in the Tuileries, or laughing at us. However, I can see that he feels it on my account, though he tries to look calm and composed; so I endeavour to take courage, for fear of grieving him; but I cannot always succeed."

She also told them that the turner with whom Henry had perfected himself in his trade had consented to employ him as a workman; that his wages supported them both; and that

the money they obtained by the sale of their things was appropriated to paying the different masters for her, and for the purchase of books for her improvement. As for Henry, he spent all the time in which he was not at work at the turner's in study.

The sisters accompanied Adèle back to the shop, where they found Henry at work. Emily made him a low curtsy, and Laura had heard so much of him, that she felt and spoke to him as if he were an acquaintance. Henry thanked them warmly; his manner became less grave; and the countenance of Adèle showed how rejoiced she was that he appeared to be better pleased with her new friends; for the gentle Adèle had quite forgotten the mortification they had caused her.

During the week that Henry's leg confined him to the house, Madame de Verginis and her daughters always called for Adèle on their way to the drawing-master, and accompanied her home. The little girl daily increased in favour with them all; she was so gentle, so artless, and so warmly attached to her brother, whom she respected as if he had been her father, that it would have been impossible not to have loved

her. The sisters were anxious to make her some little present, and puzzled their brains as to how they could manage it, as what their mother had said made them fearful of offending her. At length Emily said to Madame de Verginis, "Mamma, Laura and I have been calculating that if we economise we can buy a frock for Adèle; and we were thinking that if we made it ourselves, it would be a little friendly gift that she could not refuse."

"You may do better still," said Madame de Verginis: "as Adèle has expressed a wish to know how to work as well as you do, offer to teach her; and by your all making the frock together, it will serve her for a lesson."

The sisters were delighted; and the next day, as they were returning from the painting-room, they took Adèle into a shop and consulted her on the choice of a frock; and when they had purchased one that she admired, Laura, without waiting till they had left the shop, threw her arms round her neck, saying, "Take it, Adèle; it is for you! Our maid will cut it out, and we will make it with you, to teach you to make your frocks."

Adèle, agitated and amazed, seemed not to

know what to think or what to say. She looked at the frock, but did not take it. Madame de Verginis, guessing her thoughts, said, "Let us go and see how Monsieur Delamarre likes it."

She put the parcel under her shawl; Adèle followed in silence; and the two sisters felt exceedingly anxious to know whether her brother would allow her to accept it. On entering the shop, Laura took the parcel from her mother's arm, saying, "Monsieur Delamarre, Adèle wishes that we should teach her to work, and here is a frock that we are going to make with her in order to teach her."

Adèle looked anxiously at her brother, who, slightly blushing, thanked the ladies for their great kindness to his sister.

"To commence our lessons," said Madame de Verginis, "as I live so near, and Monsieur Delamarre is able to walk a little, you must both come and dine with me to-day."

Henry blushed still deeper, but accepted the invitation. Adèle was delighted, and the two sisters could not contain their joy. A fortnight before, they would have been much astonished had it been suggested to them to ask a person to dinner who was earning his bread by working

in a turner's shop ; but they had by degrees learned what would have seemed incredible, had it been told them when they first saw Henry and Adèle in the Tuileries, that there is no arbitrary distinction but that of education, and that well-bred persons may be received everywhere, because we never feel out of place with those who think and speak like ourselves. Madame de Verginis said that they must not disturb Henry from his work, but that she would expect him with his sister at five o'clock. When she was leaving the house with her daughters, the turner and his wife made them a respectful bow and curtsy, as if to thank them for their attention to Henry, whom they highly esteemed, and who they knew was never intended for the business he worked at.

At five o'clock he went with his sister to Madame de Verginis. He was at first rather grave, as was usual with him, when he knew that he required firmness to avoid feeling ashamed of his appearance ; but he soon became more at his ease, and proved himself to be intelligent and agreeable. He had, like all well-educated persons, a good accent ; his manner of speaking was at the same time modest and firm,

which gave a favourable opinion of his character. The frock was soon finished, and Madame de Verginis wished to add to it a shawl and a bonnet, for she no longer feared being refused. Nothing can wound our feelings of self-respect which comes from the hands of those who have shown us real friendship. She still continued to call for Adèle to take her to the painter's, even after Henry was able to walk; and in a little time, seeing she became so perfect, and able to give such valuable assistance to her daughters, Madame de Verginis told her brother that if he would consent to it, she would take Adèle to live with her altogether, and would be answerable for all future expenses on her account. She begged Henry would lay out in clothes for himself the remainder of what he had set aside for her education.

Henry could not refuse his consent to an arrangement which would be of such advantage to his sister; for though the circumstances in which he was placed had thrown a stiffness and reserve over his character, yet it would have been impossible for him to resist the kindness of Madame de Verginis, to whom he owed such a debt of gratitude. She was soon enabled to

procure a small employment for him, which was sufficient for his maintenance, until his devoted attention to his studies and his excellent character led to something better.

He frequently dines with Madame de Verchinis; and Emily, who feels quite a respect for him, wonders how she ever could have laughed at him. Whenever she now sees anything ridiculous in a person, she makes sure that there is something good in his character or conduct, which only requires to be sought for. She may sometimes be mistaken; but she has at least learned not to laugh at any person for simple appearances, which are of no essential consequence, which may even spring from the most honourable motives, and which can at least never deserve the pain which may be inflicted on people by ridiculing them.

**CATHARINE AND THE  
SILK-WORMS.**



## CATHARINE AND THE SILK-WORMS.

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A NUMBER of years ago there was a poor widow who lived in a small town in Scotland, and who had seen better days, for her husband had once been rich, though she was now reduced, by many misfortunes, to keep a school for poor people's children. This poor woman had but one child, which was very fortunate, as she found it so difficult to provide shelter, and food, and clothing for herself and little girl. But Catharine, as her daughter was called, instead of being a burden, was a great comfort to her; for this infant, when only two or three years old, if she saw her mother sit down and cry, which she sometimes did when she thought

of her destitute condition, used to climb up on her knee and pat her with her little hands, and kiss her eyes, her cheeks, and her mouth.

And then the poor woman would feel soothed, and hope that the infant would grow up to be a comfort to her. And then she would kiss her dear little child, and press it in her arms, and go to work again for it and herself. But very often people who sent their children to be taught by her were as poor as herself, and gave her very little, and she was so sorry for them, that she still continued to teach them, and just took what they could give.

Now Catharine, as she grew older, and had learned how to read a little, and hem a hand-kerchief, tried to help her mother to teach ; and very often when a poor little girl came crying with hunger to school, she gave her the half of the potatoes that were for her own dinner. Catharine was so careful of her clothes, and of keeping herself clean, that she always looked as if she was newly washed and dressed. She went on learning all her mother could teach her, which was reading, writing, and arithmetic ; and improving her knowledge in all these branches, even beyond her mother, by

means of books, which some kind people lent her, for she was loved by her neighbours, and remarked for a sweet-tempered, dutiful, and obliging little girl; and yet she never made what is called companions of the children round her, because she knew she could learn more good at home; and besides this, she had very little time to spare from helping her mother.

Thus Catharine went on perfectly contented without amusement, except what she found in her books, till a person with whom she was acquainted gave her some silk-worms' eggs upon a bit of paper, and instructed her how they were to be hatched, and how to manage them afterwards. This was something quite new to the little girl; for she had often read about them, but had never seen any. So she did as she was directed, and, to her great delight, she saw the creatures in the eggs all come to life. Then she made some paste-board boxes, and put the little worms into them, and kept them clean, and made so many experiments in giving them different kinds of leaves for food, and observed all their ways so narrowly, from the very time of the eggs hatching till she wound their silk, and read

again so much about them, that she became acquainted with all that is known concerning them.

In the same town where Catharine lived was a large house, inhabited by a nobleman, who had three daughters, and these young ladies kept silk-worms as well as their humbler little neighbour. But they had so many lessons to get, and so many other things to amuse them, that though they were very fond at first of their silk-worms, and used to spend whole hours in looking at and attending to them, yet at last they tired of the occupation: and indeed their becoming so numerous was another reason for this; and when they saw them increase so fast, they put them into a room fitted up entirely for the purpose, and determined to keep so many, that they might have each a dress made from their silk to appear in at court, when their papa allowed them to be presented.

This was a foolish fancy of the young ladies, but they were indulged in it. The poor silk-worms were, however, often neglected; for they were trusted to the housemaids, who, besides being very ignorant about them, had not time

to pay them the attention they required, while they were prevented, by the time they occupied, from doing their own work properly. This obliged the housekeeper to complain; and then it was that one of the ladies'-maids, who loved Catharine, recommended her to the young ladies as a proper person to look after the silk-worms, and she was immediately sent for. Now these ladies were not much in the habit of talking to people in Catharine's humble rank, and therefore promised themselves some amusement from her bashful awkwardness.

They were, however, so much surprised and pleased by her unaffected modesty and propriety of conduct, and so struck with the well-informed manner in which she answered all their questions, that they took a great fancy to her; and having engaged her, with her mother's consent, to attend on their silk-worms, they gave her a great many nice clothes, which she took care to make in a fashion becoming her station, so that there was not a neater-looking girl in the whole town.

These young ladies had an excellent woman for a governess, and she became so fond of Catharine for her good qualities, that she

thought it a pity she should not have more instruction, and was so kind as to give her lessons every evening when she had done her duty for the day. Catharine made such good use of this advantage, and improved so fast, that in a year or two, when the fancy about the court-dresses was given up, and the silk-worms dismissed, she was grown so much in favour with her young ladies, that they offered to pay masters out of their own pocket-money that she might be sufficiently improved to become a governess.

It will readily be believed that poor Catharine most thankfully and gratefully accepted of this offer, and that she applied herself so diligently to her studies, that she was ready in a wonderfully short time for her new employment. Nor did the kind young ladies, who had already done her so much good, stop short there; for they got her into a family of their acquaintance to educate two little girls. Here she still took so much pains to improve herself in the various accomplishments she had been taught, and to acquire others, that the family had no occasion to change her for another governess, till she was married to a young clergyman, who knew

all her history, and loved her entirely for her goodness.

All the time Catharine lived in the nobleman's house, and while she was a governess, she went to see her mother as often as she could, and never spent a sixpence on herself that she could help, but gave it all to her; and when she was married, her mother went to live with her in her nice house, and blessed her dutiful daughter every day of her life, and also prayed to God to bless her.



## **SPEAKING ACTIONS.**



## SPEAKING ACTIONS.

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"WHAT did you mean, mamma, by saying to Mrs Thornton just now that actions spoke?" asked little Fanny, who had been sitting in a thoughtful position for some minutes—a thing not very common with little girls.

The lady addressed smiled. "You think it strange for an *act* to *speak*, my love? Is that the riddle which is puzzling your little head?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Fanny, if you will sit down by my side I will explain my meaning."

The little inquirer promptly availed herself of the permission.

"Now, my dear, you have yourself illustrated my assertion," Mrs Montague observed. "The

alacrity with which you brought your stool to my feet, plainly said, ‘Mamma, I really desire to hear what you are going to say.’”

The little girl laughed. “Well, mamma, I did not think of that,” she said; “but now tell me of some other actions which speak?”

“That I will readily do, my child; for it is a truth which I wish should be deeply impressed on your mind. It might save you from doing many things without consideration, and might often prevent your causing pain, where you would otherwise do so, from mere thoughtlessness. I see that you do not exactly understand me,” the lady proceeded; “so, to make the matter clearer, I will give you a few more examples.”

“Do, mamma.”

“Well, we will suppose, my dear, that I came down to breakfast one morning (as I often do) with a very bad headache, and my little daughter comes running to me, saying, ‘Dear mamma, I am very sorry to see you so poorly; I hope you will be better soon;’ but instead of being very quiet, she laughs loud, and talks a great deal. When breakfast is over, suppose she sits down to the pianoforte to practise,

without asking whether I can bear it; and when I tell her that the noise is too much for me, she pouts and looks angry—what do you think all this would say?"

Little Fanny's smiles were quite put to flight by this example, for she felt it was a correct representation of what had passed that very morning. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could not answer.

"Don't you think, my love," Mrs Montague resumed, "it would say, 'I did not mean what I said, mamma. I was not really sorry that your head ached?'"

"No, no; not quite that," she sobbed out. "I *was* sorry, I am *always* sorry to see you ill."

"Well, my dear, I do not accuse you of want of affection or feeling in general. But when your own wishes or pleasures are concerned, you are apt to consult them, instead of what will be agreeable to other people."

Fanny blushed, for she felt that the condemnation was just.

"Now," Mrs Montague proceeded, "we will imagine a little girl who is very fond of her papa and mamma. She wishes that they should

know it; but to be constantly saying, ‘Dear papa, or dear mamma, I love you very dearly,’ would sound silly, and be tiresome. Can you think of any other way in which she could express the same words?”

“Oh yes: if she were to do everything she could to please them, that would tell them that she loved them.”

“So it would, my child; that is a good guess. But what say you to trying this sort of language yourself?”

Again Fanny blushed. “I thought I did, mamma,” she said; “but I’ll try to use it more.”

“Your *actions* must prove the *sincerity* of your *words*, my love. I shall see what *they* say. But I will give you one more illustration. We will conceive a family reduced to great distress by the burning of their farmhouse, and some benevolent ladies and gentlemen go about collecting money to relieve them. They call upon you, and ask you to subscribe. Now it so happens that you have just laid out all your pocket-money, or perhaps you have only a very small sum left. You say that you are very sorry that you have nothing to give, or apologise for

the apparent meanness of your donation. But suppose that an hour after these good people are gone, some one makes you a present of a crown-piece; if, instead of seeking them out, in order to make up for the want of ability to help them you previously lamented, you spend it in buying new dresses for your doll, or some other trifle you fancy that you want—what would *that* action say?"

"Oh, mamma, it would for certainty say that I was not *really* sorry that I could not help the poor people; because if I had been, I should give them the money when I had it."

"Very true, my dear; but I must not leave this subject without telling you that little folks, ay, and big ones too, are apt to practise self-deception in such matters. They think that if they had the means they would do such great things; but when they are possessed of those means, they neglect to use them, because some selfish desires come into their hearts, which are more powerful than their benevolent feelings had been. The same principle influenced your conduct this morning. You really felt some degree of pain when you saw me so ill, but it was not strong enough to induce you to oppose

your inclination for laughing, talking, and practising your music. You must, however, bear in mind that though what we *say* is very important, what we *do* is even more so. It is more easy to make amends for an unkind word than for an ungenerous action ; because actions are not actions only, but speak in powerful language which no words can contradict."

# **THE LITTLE DOG FLORA.**



## THE LITTLE DOG FLORA.

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"Come, Mary, put up your books: you said your lessons well, and as the day is wet, we cannot take a walk, so you may get your work-box, and come and sew along with me, and I shall tell you a story to amuse you while your fingers are busy. Little Willy was a good boy to-day, so he may stay to hear it also if he wishes."

"Thank you, mamma," said Mary; "I shall be ready in a minute, when I get my work out. What will the story be about, mamma?"

"Let it be about dogs, mamma, if you please," said little Willy.

"Yes, do," said Mary; "and let it be about your little dog Flora, that the country people thought was so strange a creature."

"Well, then, my story shall be about Flora,"

said mamma. "She was indeed an extraordinary little creature; I do not wonder that the simple people considered she was something superior to a dog, for she looked as if she understood every word that was spoken, and even I sometimes thought that she knew what we said. She was so sagacious, that she understood our looks, although not all our words; but she was likewise what is called an oddity, and had ways of her own which were incomprehensible to us. I shall commence with my first acquaintance with Flora, which was before I came to live in the north of Ireland. I lived then in Dublin, and went one day to see the widow and children of an old friend—it was a visit of condolence. I rapped gently at the hall door, and it was opened by an old servant, who appeared as dejected as if he had been a near relative of his deceased master. Before I could inquire for the family, a little, ugly, rough, brown dog ran down the hall, apparently in a great rage, as if he intended to prevent my entrance, and barking most furiously at me in a very shrill tone, and trying to bite my feet if I attempted to advance.

"It was in vain I tried to be heard, or to hear,

with the clamour which the little wretch made; and it was by dumb show that I understood that my friends were at home, by the man pointing up stairs; but the difficulty was how to get in, for whenever the man attempted to seize the dog, it turned on him, and snapped at him so actively, that he could not catch it. I tried to press on, which made the little vixen so furious, that it was off its guard behind for a moment; and the man, availing himself of the opportunity, seized it by the ears, and carried it to a back room, and closed it in: he then returned out of breath, and with many apologies for the dog's rudeness, showed me up to the drawing-room, where his mistress and her daughters were sitting. After staying some time conversing with my friends on their bereavement, and trying to give them some consolation, one of the younger children entered the room, and close behind him came my enemy, the ugly little dog. It stopped and looked in my face, and I was sure it was going to fly at me without delay; but it wagged its tail, and passed on, after giving me a long look, as if to know me again. I then told the lady of the house my adventure at her hall door, and asked

her how she happened to have possession of such an ugly cross pet. She explained that it was a young dog, and had been sent a present to her husband, a few days before he died, by a gentleman who had promised it long before. It was a Russian terrier of pure breed. She also added that she would have returned the noisy present, but that the donor had left town ; it was so troublesome, she would be glad to get it away. She also said that the gentleman who sent it had told such wonders of the sagacity and watchfulness of its progenitors, that it might be very valuable in a country place. She concluded by offering to give me Flora (for it was Flora) to take with me to the north.

"I looked again at Flora, and remarked that she had a beautiful head, and a most intelligent countenance, with a very quick sharp eye. I ventured to stroke her head ; she was now all good-nature, and licked my hand, and seemed to take a liking to me, and she never barked at me again.

"When I returned home I told your papa, and he was delighted at the offer made me ; and desired me by all means to take Flora, as the gentleman who gave her to my friend was re-

markable for having a pure breed of Russian terriers ; and added that she would be worth half-a-dozen large dogs, and would be of great use to us in the country : and so it proved, her only fault being her inclination to bite people's feet if she did not know them. But as education does much in the way of overcoming natural propensities, she learned in time to be civil to strangers coming to the hall door, however she might make up for her politeness there by indulging herself at the back door by biting the feet of inferior visitors.

"The evening before my departure from Dublin I sent for Flora ; and the next morning we all got into the northern mail-coach at our own door at seven o'clock, except your papa, who went outside the coach. I took charge of Flora. She behaved with the greatest propriety ; and when we stopped for breakfast at Drogheda, she kept beside me, barked at no one, and entered the mail again very peaceably. But when the coach set off in full gallop, with the horn blowing, whip cracking, and boys yelling, she made one desperate leap out of the window. I feared to look out, for I was certain that she was dashed to pieces, from the rate we were driving at.

"But Flora was as nimble as ever, and had made a circuit round the coach and horses, and was barking violently at them, when your papa stopped the coach, and with much trouble had her caught. I was for the rest of our journey more on the watch, and did not allow her to perform any more exploits of the same kind.

"From the time of our arrival at our destination, Flora attached herself particularly to me; and it was in vain that any other member of the family tried to engage her affections. She always accompanied me in my walks; and if I went out without her, she was always sure to join me when she missed me from home.

"Whenever I went to drive, she ran beside the jaunting-car until she was tired, when she ran before the horse, and barked at him to stop, when we used to take her up; and when she was rested, she leapt off herself, and ran as before. At night she always came up with me to my bedroom door; and when I closed it, she went down again, and slept on the mat at the foot of the stairs.

"Your papa was very kind to her, and generally fed her, and petted her more than I did. Yet still I was her favourite, and he never could

induce her to walk with him. She used to go with him as far as the gate, and then sit down and wait there for his return; and there she would sit, if it was raining or snowing, until he came back from his walk; but all he could say or do, he could not prevail on her to go farther. This was one instance of her odd notions which I cannot account for, as she might just as well have returned to the house instead of sitting in the cold. At one time I had a very long and dangerous illness, and nothing could prevent Flora from staying in my room: she lay under my bed night and day, and only left it at meal-times, when she went softly down stairs, holding down her head, and returned as soon as she was fed.

"It was feared that she would attack the doctor when he was first sent for, and everything was done to keep her out of my room; but she got back again, and, as if she was aware that quietness was necessary, she did not make any noise, or notice the doctor. When I was well enough to get up, she took her station under my chair; and when I was able to go down stairs, she attended me also, and showed her delight by playing all manner of tricks, and

running round and round me. She was very gentle with children, and fond of playing with them ; and when she was given nuts to crack, she did so without injuring the kernel, and returned them into the hand of the person who gave them to her ; and although she was very fond of them, she never kept one, if not given again to her to eat.

" Flora was also a very useful dog as well as an amusing one, for she was the best rat-catcher in the country, and she always helped to bring in the cows to be milked. She trotted beside the man who went for them ; and he had only to open the gate of the pasture field, and she would run all round the field barking, and gather them to the centre. Then she would walk after them when she had them all together, barking a little, to let them know that she was there, until she drove them to the gate. But if any of them were refractory, she caught them by the tail, and shook it well for them. But the most diverting thing was, to see the plan she took to separate the turkeys if they were fighting, as they constantly were : she was so small compared to them, and yet she could disperse half-a-dozen in a few minutes. She

dashed in among them, and taking one of their wings in her teeth, she would run away with a big turkey-cock, he being obliged to keep pace to her speed with his long legs, until, to his surprise, he would find himself outside of the farmyard. She would then return immediately and seize another, and run off with him, or rather hand him along, until she deposited him in the stable; a third she would bring in another direction; and so on, until she had quite dispersed the combatants. She had no pups before she was six years old, and then she had four, the drollest-looking things you could see. They were like balls of wool of different colours: there was a black one, a white one, a gray one, and a brown one, the colour of herself. You could not see either head or feet, and they seemed as if they were rolling along when they began to run about. But they were by no means as wise as their mamma, even when full-grown.

"Poor Flora was very sick one day when she was nursing them. She came to me and lay down at my feet, moaning piteously, and looking in my face; I took her up, but found that her limbs refused to support her. I got

some spirits and castor-oil, and gave it to her with a large spoon. I then carried her to her bed, but the pups would not let her rest. Your sister took them into her lap. Poor Flora raised her head to look for them, and seemed contented when she saw your sister had them. She then lay down, and slept long, and awoke quite well, and came to look for her pups, which we found sleeping at the parlour fire. When they were large enough, they were all given away but the black one, which was named Tom. In some things he was like his mother, but he did not possess her intellect in the same degree, but partook of the plebeian habits of his father, who was a common rough dog ; and Flora very often chastised him for his dulness of comprehension and want of tact. Flora would not touch anything on the table or elsewhere which was not given her to eat ; but Tom helped himself if he was hungry, and sometimes Flora had to watch him closely, to prevent him from stealing.

“One day I was called suddenly for a key which was wanting, before dinner was removed ; and as I was alone in the parlour at the time, I went out to the kitchen, which was on the

same floor, at the back of the house, and forgot to send a servant to take away the lunch, as I intended when leaving the parlour. Standing near the door, I heard a great noise in the hall of growling, and running, and pulling. The cause soon appeared: Tom was running off with a leg of cold roast lamb in his mouth, and Flora had him by the ear, trying to make him drop it. They were both snarling as much as they were able, with their mouths so full. Flora bit so hard, that she made him drop the lamb at my feet, and pursued him into the yard to punish him further. She then returned wagging her tail, and looking in my face, as much as to say, 'Was I not very clever?' The servants wanted to remove the lamb, but I would not let them, until I saw what Flora would do. The honest creature did not touch it or mind it, but seemed delighted with my praising her, and saying, 'You have been a very good dog.'

"The country people firmly believed that she understood everything she heard and saw. She had a way of looking intently at any one who spoke, and then she would turn and look in the face of the next speaker, as if she was

listening to and enjoying the conversation ; and, for my own amusement, I often talked to Flora before them, as if she understood me, which perhaps gave rise to their foolish prejudice against her, and was the cause of her death. How that happened we never could make out; but she must have been killed, as she was too wary to have been stolen, and would have made her way home from any distance if she had."

"Poor Flora!" said Mary; "Poor Flora!" echoed Willy; and "Thank you, mamma," said both.

THE END.







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